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ON THE ENGLISH METRICAL ROMANCES.

THE history, the laws, and even the religion of barbarous nations, are usually expressed in verse. Poetry, perhaps, is preferred for the sake of the facility with which it may be committed to memory where written records are unknown, or the solemnity of the subject requires a mode of expression the most distant from that of common life. It is obvious, that what is preserved only by recitation must soon be altered and corrupted, enlarged or compressed, to suit the powers of the reciter's memory, or most readily arrest the attention of his hearers. Thus, in the course of a few generations, the religious poem becomes a mythological fable, and the history degenerates into incredible romance. Still, however, the poetry of an early age continues to be interesting to the moderns, even when entirely perverted from the purposes to which it was originally applied. The bard may have changed his subject from the facts occurring in his own period, or that of his father, to the feats of foreign or imaginary heroes: but his work will not the less continue to reflect the

manners of the time in which he composed.

A Gothic poet, like a Gothic painter, discards all attention to local customs, and portrays his characters, his manners, his scenery according to the characters, manners, and scenery of his own age. It is therefore no matter whether the scene be laid in Greece or in Taprobane; the description, however unlike what it is intended to represent, will always present a very just picture of the manners of France and England in the feudal times. Accordingly, since the attention of antiquaries has been turned towards the metrical romances of England and Normandy, we have gained more insight into the domestic habits, language, and character of these nations during the dark, warlike, and romantic period of the middle ages, than Leland and Hearne were able to attain from all the dull and dreary monastic annals, which their industry collected, and their patience perused. To form a just idea of ancient history, these works of fancy should be read along with the labours of the professed histori-

an. The one teaches what our ancestors thought; how they lived; on what motives they acted; and what language they spoke; and, having attained this intimate knowledge of their sentiments, manners, and habits, we are better prepared to learn the actual particulars of their annals. From the romance we learn what they were; from the history, what they did: and were we to be deprived of one of these two kinds of information, it might well be questioned which is most useful or interesting? In this view, we lay aside the consideration which the metrical romances often claim as works of fancy, presenting to the imagination a pleasing detail of romantic adventure, and graced occasionally by poetical flights of considerable merit.

Bishop Percy, the venerable editor of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, was the first who turned the public attention on these forgotten hoards of antiquarian treasure, by an *Essay on Metrical Romance*, in which the merits and qualities of the poetry of chivalry are critically investigated, and a list given of such metrical romances as had come to his knowledge.

Warton followed Percy in his taste for the ancient romance, of which he was an indefatigable student. Whenever he has occasion to mention a tale of chivalry, in his *History of Poetry*, it seems to operate like a spell, and he feels it impossible to proceed with the more immediate subject of his disquisition, till he has paced through the whole enchanted maze, and conducted his reader into all its labyrinths. Of the great variety of strange and anomalous digressions, with which that work abounds, and which, separately considered, possess infinite merit and curiosity, a large portion arose solely from his attachment to this romantic lore. But, though the curiosity of the public was in some degree excited by the references of these ingenious and inquisitive authors to the poetry of other times, it was not easy to procure for it ade-

quate gratification. The ancient metrical romances were very early superseded by prose works on the same subjects. These last, although far inferior in interest and merit, claimed and obtained superior credit, founded on the fiction alleged to be inseparable from metre; on the degraded state of the minstrels, whose province it was to recite these disparaged rhyming legends; and, above all, on a grave pretext set up by the author of each prose work, that he had translated it *verbatim et literatim* from an ancient Greek or Latin original. As no such Greek or Latin original for a romance of chivalry was ever produced, we may doubt whether any such ever existed. But our ancestors received these accounts with unhesitating credulity, and gravely read the voluminous romances of *Lancelot du Lac*, and *Palmerin of England*, as translations from ancient annals, while they rejected with scorn the rhyming legends of the minstrels on the same subjects. Thus the metrical romances were obliged to give way to the prose works, which were, in fact, borrowed from them; and so complete was the substitution of the one for the other, that the press, which was invented about the period of this revolution in public taste, groaned under the splendid folios of the former, while the latter remained in obscure manuscripts, or were only printed in the meanest manner, and for the meanest of the people. Thus the very existence of the metrical romance, as a distinct, separate, and more ancient kind of composition, was unknown and unnoticed till the publication of the works above mentioned. Even long after that period, printed editions, being as rare as manuscripts, remained very little disturbed by those who possessed them, and absolutely inaccessible to every other person. At length, as the taste for old ballads begun to awaken that for romantic fiction, Pinkerton and others reprinted in their miscellanies some of the shorter and more ancient of our metrical tales of chivalry; and others were repub-

lished singly. But the first comprehensive and general work, on this interesting subject, was undertaken by Ritson.

Ritson's collection contains twelve metrical romances, selected as those which, from a general acquaintance with such compositions, he deemed most worthy of publication. There is prefixed a long and elaborate dissertation on romance and minstrelsy; and learned notes are subjoined to the collection, with a glossary of obsolete words.

The first romance in the collection is Ywain and Gawain, a beautiful tale, from which Warton has given copious extracts in his *History of English Poetry*. It is perhaps the most interesting romance which now exists. It is of French origin, being written, or at least greatly enlarged, by the famous Chretien de Troye, who flourished in the twelfth century. The following is a short summary of the story.

Guenever, the wife of the famous Arthur, hearing, *once upon a time*, the knights who guarded her chamber door telling to each other their exploits, suddenly issues from her apartment, and commands sir Colgrevance, who was then speaking, to continue his narration. The knight unwillingly obeys, and tells a long and marvellous adventure which befel him beside an enchanted well, where he had been finally discomfited by a puissant knight, the guardian of the fountain, the wonders of which are described in strong Gothic painting. Sir Ywain resolves to undertake the adventure, and, having set forth in disguise, slays in single fight the champion of the fountain, on the threshold of his own castle gate. But the victor, enclosed in the court by the fall of the portcullis, is in the utmost danger from the followers of the slain warrior. He is rescued at length by means of Lunet, a damsel belonging to the castle, who conceals him in a chamber. Here he obtains a sight of the widow of the knight of the fountain, and falls desperately in love. His passion is at length successful,

through the intervention of the damsel, who very sensibly reminds her lady, that the conqueror must needs more than make up the loss of the vanquished. Sir Ywain marries the dame, with whom he lives in great happiness, till he obtains her permission to visit the court of Arthur, pledging his knightly word to return within the year. But sir Ywain forgot his promise; yet he became distracted for the loss of his lady, when reminded of his breach of faith by a damsel whom she dispatched to the court of Arthur, to renounce her husband, and proclaim him *dishonoured and truthless*. He is restored to his senses by a sage lady, whose enemies he discomfits by his prowess, and then resumes his profession of knight-errantry.

While wandering in quest of adventures, he observes a lion combating a dragon, and goes to his assistance, because the lion was the more noble animal, and on account of the ancient and irreconcilable feud betwixt knights-errant and dragons. The dragon being slain, the grateful lion attaches himself to his ally, and maintains a great part in all his future adventures. They come to the enchanted fountain, where Ywain unexpectedly meets with Lunet, the damsel to whom he had formerly been so much indebted. She is bound to find a champion against a certain day, to fight with her mistress's false steward, who had accused her of treason. Their meeting under circumstances of mutual distress is very happily described by the old minstrel. Sir Ywain promises to appear and defend her on the appointed day. Meanwhile he is involved in a variety of adventures, from many of which he is extricated by the lion; so that the time is nearly past when he appears to combat the steward. Lunet is restored to life and liberty; and, by her subsequent address, sir Ywain is reconciled with his lady.

And so sir Ywaine and his wife
In joy and bless they led their life;
So did Lunet and the lion,
Untill that death had driven them down.

Normandy appears to have been the cradle of minstrelsy. The Northmen, who wrested that province from the feeble successors of Charlemagne, had doubtless, like all other barbarous people, especially the Scandinavian tribes, their national poets, under the name of scalds. On their settling in Neustria, their native speech speedily melted down into the more commodious and extended language used by the inhabitants of Northern France. This language was called *Romance*, being a corrupted Latin, introduced by the Romans into the Gallic province. In this dialect, the minstrels composed most of their works, till the word *romance*, from signifying the early Norman-French tongue, came at length to mean those chivalrous tales usually composed in that tongue. They were probably carried by Rollo into France, and brought with them a certain number of their native traditions; those, for instance, relating to Ogier le Danois, and other northern heroes, who were afterwards enlisted into the ranks of chivalry; but, being deprived of the mythology of their original religion, and cramped perhaps, as well by the sober spirit of christianity, as by the imperfection of a language whose tameness was utterly unsuited to the sublime obscurity of their native poetry, they were obliged to adopt various modes of amusing, and to learn the parts of the mimic and the juggler to atone for the defects of the poet and musician. Their musical skill, however, if we may judge from the number of their instruments, of which very formidable catalogues are found in every description of a royal festival, may not have been contemptible; and their poetry, though confined to short compositions, likely to interest their hearers, while employed on the topics of flattery or satire. Their rewards were certainly, in some cases, enormous, and prove the esteem in which they were held; though this may be partly ascribed to the general thirst after amusement, and the difficulty experienced by the great in dissipating

the tediousness of life; so that the gift of three parishes in Gloucestershire, by William the conqueror to his *joculator*, may perhaps be a less accurate measure of the minstrel's accomplishments, than of the monarch's power and of the insipidity of his court.

To the talents already mentioned, the minstrels added, soon after the birth of French literature, the important occupation of the *diseur* or *declaimer*. Perhaps the recital of metrical compositions might have required, during their early imperfection, some kind of chant, and even the assistance of some musical instrument, to supply the deficiencies of the measure; perhaps the aids of gesture and pantomime may have been necessary to relieve the monotony of a long recitation: but it is evident, that an author who wrote for the public during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, was not less dependant for success on the minstrels, than a modern writer of tragedy or comedy on the players of the present day. A copyist might multiply manuscripts for the supply of convent libraries; but while ecclesiastics alone were able to read, there was no access to the ears of a military nobility, without the intervention of a body of men who travelled in every direction, and who were every where welcomed as the promoters of mirth and conviviality.

The next step was easy. Being compelled to a frequent exercise of their talents in extemporaneous composition, the minstrels were probably, like the *improvisatori* of Italy, at last equal, if not superior, to more learned writers, in the merely mechanical parts of poetry; they were also better judges of the public taste. By the progress of translation they became the depositories of nearly all the knowledge of the age, which was committed to their memory: it was natural, therefore, that they should form a variety of new combinations from the numerous materials in their possession; and many of our most popular romances were probably brought by their efforts to

the state in which we now see them. This was the most splendid era of their history, and seems to have comprehended the latter part of the twelfth, and perhaps the whole of the thirteenth century.

From the general progress of instruction, the number of readers began afterwards to increase; and the metrical romances were insensibly supplanted by romances in prose, whose monotony neither required nor could derive much assistance from the art of declamation. The visits of the minstrels had been only periodical, and generally confined to the great festivals of the year; but the resources, such as they were, of the ponderous prose legend were always accessible.

Thus began the decline of a class of men, whose complete degradation seems to have been the subsequent result of their own vices. During the period of their success, they had most impudently abused the credulity of the public; but it is a whimsical fact, that the same fables which were discredited in verse, were again, on their transfusion into prose, received without suspicion.

By attending to their history, we may easily reconcile the degraded state of the minstrels with the high rewards and countenance which they sometimes received, even in preference to those of the clerical profession. It appears, on one occasion, that two mediant friars soliciting hospitality at the gate of a convent, were received with acclamation in the character of minstrels, and kicked out again when they announced their real character. It is also proved that one minstrel received four shillings for his performance, and six priests only sixpence, at the same festival.

Such instances of extravagant reward to individuals, of a class, which dedicates personal exertions to public amusement, are consistent with the general disrespect to which this body in general is condemned. Individual instances excepted, the player and the musician of modern days, the genuine successors of the

minstrels, incur a certain degree of contempt from their situation, which they are too often compelled to merit. It is somewhat hard, that as society advances in civilization, and as demands are made on this class of men for refinement and improvement in their respective arts, their seclusion from society, where that refinement is to be acquired, becomes proportionally more rigid and strict.

Of their compositions, the first seem to have been unadorned annals or histories, reduced to measure for the convenience of the reciter, who was to retain them in memory. This field, however, soon became too barren and uninteresting. Other sources of narration were sought. Some occurred in the ancient songs of the scalds, the legitimate productions of the minstrels. Others of Arabian origin found their way to France through Spain. But a much more numerous class was derived from the tales of the Armoricans, the neighbours of the Normans, who derived themselves from a Welch colony. From this source, the minstrels probably drew their first accounts of

———What resounds

In fable or romance, of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric
knights.

This theme, however, acquired its chief popularity after the acquisition of England by William the conqueror. The earliest and best French romances were composed for the meridian of the English court, where that language continued to be exclusively used, at least till the time of Edward III.

When the Norman race of monarchs had once secured themselves on the throne of England, and identified the honour of that country with their own, they began to feel an interest in its early history, and to listen with applause to the feats of its heroes. The legends of the Welch, on these occasions, were much more acceptable than those of the Saxons. The latter were the people whom

the Normans had conquered, and whose kings they had dispossessed : the praise, therefore, of their departed heroes revived sentiments of discord better forgotten by all parties. But the exploits of the British were carried back to so ancient a period, and so intermingled with Celtic fable, that they recalled no sentiments of ancient independence, and suggested no ideas dangerous to the Norman race. The exploits of Arthur were therefore unanimously adopted, as the subject of tales and romances without end ; and these were drawn by the Norman minstrels from the British traditions flowing from Wales, and floating in what had lately been the British kingdom of Cumberland ; but especially from the works of Geoffrey of Monmouth. These works are a *Chronicle of Britain*, and his *Vita Merlini*, a poem in Latin verse. This last work only exists in MS., which is much to be regretted, as, from very frequent reference to particulars of British story, it proves that Geoffrey did not, as has been repeatedly affirmed, himself forge the incidents of his *Chronicle*, but really drew them from the *Armorican Chronicle*, put into his hands by Walter, archdeacon of Oxford. The whole tissue of fables, therefore, concerning Arthur, which compose the most striking part of Geoffrey's history, and indeed the history itself, seem to be less the work of any one man's invention, than a superstructure gradually and progressively raised on the foundation of the history attributed to Nennius, the purity of which had been already sullied by the monk Samuel.

The state of Wales, during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, was favourable to an exchange of literary materials between the bards of that country and the Norman minstrels, as well as between the former and their brethren of Armorica.

As there is reason to believe that the British lays were seldom if ever committed to writing, it might be expected that different minstrels

would tell the same story with some variations : unable to retain by rote the whole of a long narrative, they would carry off, at first, detached adventures, which they would afterwards connect as well as they were able ; and hence a system of traditional history, thus imperfectly preserved through the medium of a very loose translation, and already involved in much geographical and chronological confusion, would assume the fabulous appearance which we find in the French narratives called romances.

Though we owe to the Norman minstrels the greater part of the romances now extant, which were avowedly translated into English, as soon as that language came to supersede the French ; yet a small number were most probably originally composed in England for the use of the Scottish court, where French was never exclusively spoken, and afterwards imitated or translated by French minstrels. Hence it is curious to observe, that as the earliest French romances were written in England, so the earliest English romances were composed in Scotland.

Arthur.

The first class of romances relate to king Arthur. These are probably the earliest in order, and, though once most popular and numerous, are now become, in their metrical shape, exceedingly rare ; because their very popularity rendered them the first objects of imitation to the prose authors, whose works superseded those of the minstrels.

One romance of formidable length has been still preserved in MS. It is still called *Merlin and Arthur*, and resumes the account of these worthies, from their birth to the marriage of Arthur, when the transcriber of one fragment resigned his task, after having copied 10,000 lines. This is a romance in the very best style of minstrelsy, so far as language, and even incident, are concerned.

The marvellous birth of Merlin, surreptitiously begotten by a fiend on a virgin, under the most extraordinary circumstances, is one of those feats of witchery which arrest the imagination. The mother is condemned to death by a rigid law of the British against such as infringed the rules of chastity. But Blaise, a holy hermit, by christening the child at the instant of its birth, baffles the hopes of the devil, who had expected, by engendering with a virgin, to create a semi-dæmon, who should be devoted to the powers of evil.

The good man then returned with his infernal proselyte, and restored him to the midwife; who, carrying him to the fire, and surveying his rough hide with horror and astonishment, could not refrain from reproaching him for his unreasonable choice of a mother who had never taken the usual means to have a child.

"Alas," she said, "art thou Merlin? Whence art thou? and of what kin? Who was thy father, 'y night or day, That no man wite ne may? It is great ruth, thou foul thing, That for thy love (by Heaven's King!) Thy mother shall be slain with woe! Alas that time it shall fall so! I would thou were far in the sea, With that thy mother might scape free!"

When that he heard her speak so,
He raised up his eyen two,
And loathingly on her gan look,
And his head on her he shook,
And gan to cry with loud din:
"Thou lvest!" he said, "old quean!
My mother shall no man kill,
For no thing that man may tell,
While that I may stand or gon!
Maugré hem every one
I shall save her life for this.
That thou shalt hear and sec, ywis."

We have no time to stop to trace the completion of this promise, nor the rest of Arthur's history.

The downfall of the chivalry of the round table was completed by the death of sir Lancelot, its most redoubted supporter. In the *Morte Arthur* occurs the following eulogi-

um over that hero, which may be said to comprehend the cardinal virtues of a *preux* chevalier.

And now I dare say—that, sir Lancelot, ther thou lvest, thou were never matched of none earthly knight's hands. And thou were the curteist knight that ever bare shielde. And thou were the truest freende to thy lover that ever be strode horse. And thou were the truest lover, of a synful man, that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever stroke with swerde. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came amonge press of knyghtes. And thou were the meekest man and the gentillest that ever eate in hal amonge ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spere in the rest.

Guy of Warwick.

The next class comprehends what we may call Saxon romances, that is, romances referring to Saxon subjects, and claiming, perhaps, some foundation in the history of that people. The most eminent of these are *Guy of Warwick*, and *Bevis of Hamptoun*.

The first is a very long romance, and in general as dull as may be, with even more than the usual huge proportion of battles and tournaments. It may securely defy the patience of most antiquaries. The combat, however, betwixt Guy and Colbrond, the Danish champion, is told in a somewhat animated strain, and in a different stanza from the rest. This is probably the only part of the romance which has any claim to a Saxon origin, and all the rest has been added by some minstrel, after the crusades. Some are disposed to indentify the redoubted sir Guy with Egils, a Norwegian pirate, who assisted Athelstan at the battle of Brunanburgh. The *Egils-saga*, however, which contains an account of that chief's adventures, affords no countenance to this conjecture.

Bevis of Hamptoun resembles

Guy of Warwick, but is of a far ruder, and apparently more ancient manufacture. There is a harshness and barbarous tinge about this poem, which bespeaks its being composed in a very rude state of society, or for the amusement of the lower ranks; two points which it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish. Notwithstanding their demerits, Guy of Warwick, and Bevis of Hamptoun, equalled, or excelled in popularity, almost all the romances of the middle ages.

—
Richard Cœur de Lion.

Among those that may be entitled Anglo-Norman romances, one contains the adventures of no less a person than Richard Cœur de Lion. It has, for many reasons, great claims on our attention. In the first place, it tends to show the progress from metrical history to metrical romance; for, in its more ancient and simple state, of which a fragment still exists in manuscript, it appears to have contained little more than a historical detail, not much exaggerated, of the actual transactions of Richard in the holy land. But the inventions of succeeding minstrels have grafted on the original narrative a number of extraordinary and supernatural events of the wildest and most romantic kind, in order to render it more astonishing or interesting to their hearers. There is, in particular, a minute account of a marriage betwixt Henry II and an unknown princess, by whom he had three children, namely, Richard, John, and a daughter unknown to our genealogists, called Topyas. This queen of England being a fiend, or something very little better, was unable to be present at any of the sacraments; and being once compelled to remain till the elevation of the host, she took her flight through the roof of the chapel, carrying with her Topyas and John. The latter fell from the air, and broke his thigh bone; the mother escaped with the

former, and was never more seen. The legend, thus engrafted on English history, is taken from an event said to have happened to count Fulk of Anjou, often alluded to by Scottish historians as a proof, that, by one side of the house, the kings of England were descended from the devil. Perhaps, however, the minstrel hinted a satire at Eleanor of Guienne, who was, in fact, a sort of devil incarnate. Of this fiendish parentage, according to the romance, came that

King y-christened of most renown,
Strong Richard Cœur de Lioun.

The feat, by which he gained this well-known appellation, is supposed to have happened during his confinement in the Austrian dominions, where he slew the emperor's son by a box on the ear. The emperor having scruples to accomplish his revenge, by dipping his hands in the royal blood of his prisoner, contented himself with introducing into Richard's company a hungry lion, presuming himself guiltless of all consequences which might ensue from their meeting. Richard, who had armed his hand with a handkerchief, the gift of a loving princess, plunged it down the throat of the monster, tore out his heart, devoured it before the face of the emperor, and thus acquired an ample title to the name by which he is known in history.

Amid all this wild farrago, there occurs a minute incident of truth, which has escaped our historians. It seems pretty clear that Richard, while travelling in disguise through Austria, amused himself with dressing his own dinner, with some assistance from sir Foulk Doyley, and sir Thomas Multon. While these three warriors were busy roasting a goose, they were teased by an intrusive female minstrel, whom they rudely dismissed, without allowing her to share their good cheer. In consequence, she betrayed them to the duke of Austria. This strange anecdote is alluded to by Peter

d'Elrilo, a writer of the twelfth century, and by Otho de Saint Blaise, who maintains, that Richard himself turned the spit, forgetful that he wore a ring which announced the rank of the wearer to be far superior to his occupation. So strangely are truth and falsehood woven together in this curious performance.

This romance is also valuable, as a curious example of the change for the worse which the religious wars introduced into the European character. In the earlier romances, the heroes are no doubt sufficiently savage; they shed much blood in battle, and are determined enemies to giants and wizards. But the cause of these military exertions is generally one with which we can sympathize; the deliverance of a lady; the righting of a wrong done to the helpless; or the supporting the tottering throne of a lawful monarch. A certain generosity is also mingled in their valour; and they are generally as ready to forgive and spare the vanquished, as to quell the vaunting and resisting enemy. But the crusader discarded from his bosom all that was amiable and mild in the spirit of chivalry. He fought for the cause of God against unchristened heathen hounds, and had neither authority nor inclination to forgive their wrongs to Heaven, as he might have pardoned those offered to himself. This romance contains a lively detail of the bloody cruelties practised by the champions of Palestine upon an enemy. The following extraordinary specimen of what crusaders were supposed capable of performing, though totally fabulous, shows the idea which the minstrels conceived of such a character, when carried to the highest and most laudable degree of perfection.

Once upon a time, Richard had an ague, which the best leeches in the camp were unable to cure: but the prayers of the army were more successful. He became convalescent; and the first symptom of his recovery was a violent longing for pork. But pork was not likely to be plentiful in a country whose in-

habitants had an abhorrence for swine's flesh; and,

—though his men should be hanged,
They ne might, in that countrèy,
For gold, ne silver, ne no monèy,
No pork find, take, ne get,
That king Richard might aught of eat.
An old knight, with Richard biding,
When he heard of that tiding,
That the kingis wants were swyche,
To the steward he spake privyliche:
"Our lord the king sore is sick, I wis,
After pork he alonged is;
Ye may find none to selle:
No man be hardy him so to telle!
If he might, he might die.
Now behoves to done as I shall say,
That he wete nought of that.
Take a Saracen, young and fat;
In haste let the thief be slain,
Opened, and his skin off flayn;
And sodden, full hastily,
With powder and with spicery,
And with saffron of good colour.
When the king thereof feels savour,
Out of ague if he be went,
He shall have thereto good talent.
When he has a good taste,
And eaten well a good repast,
And supped of the broth a sup,
Slept after, and sweet a drop,
Thorough Goddis help, and my counsail,
Soon he shall be fresh and hail."
The sooth to say, at wordes few,
Slain and sodden was the heathen shrew.
Before the king it was forth brought:
Quod his men, "Lord, we have pork
sought;
Eates and suppes of the brewis sweet,
Thorough grace of God it shall be your
boot."
Before king Richard carff a knight.
He ate faster than he carve might.
The king ate the flesh, and gnawed the
bones,
And drank well after for the nonce.
And when he had eaten enough,
His folk hem turned away, and laughed.
He lay still, and drew in his arm;
His chamberlain him wrapped warm.
He lay and slept, and sweet a stound,
And became whole and sound.
King Richard clad him, and arose,
And walked abouten in the close.

Shortly after this horrible banquet, the christian camp is attacked. Richard flies to repulse the invaders, succeeds, and returns, wearied with slaughter, to his tent.

When king Richard had rested a while,
 A knight his arms gan unlace,
 Him to comfort and solace.
 Him was brought a sop in wine.
 "The head of that ilke swine,
 That I of ate! (the cook he bade):
 For feeble I am, and faint, and mad.
 Of mine evil now I am fear;
 Serve me therewith at my soupere!"
 Quod the cook, "That head I ne have."
 Then said the king, "So God me save,
 But I see the head of that swine,
 For sooth, thou shalt lessen thine!"
 The cook saw none other might be;
 He fet the head, and let him see.
 He fell on knees, and made a cry,
 "Lo here the head! my lord, mercy!"

The cook had certainly some reason to fear that his master would be struck with horror at the recollection of the dreadful banquet to which he owed his recovery; but his fears were soon dissipated.

The black face, when the king seeth,
 His black beard, and white teeth,
 How his lippes grinned wide,
 "What devil is this?" the king cried,
 And gan to laugh as he were wode.
 "What! is Saracen's flesh thus good?
 That, never erst, I nought wist!
 By Godes death, and his up-ris,
 Shall we never die for default,
 While we may, in any assault,
 Slee Saracens, the flesh may take,
 And seethen, and roasten, and do hem
 bake,
 [And] Gnawen her flesh to the bones!
 Now I have it proved once,
 For hunger ere I be wo,
 I and my folk shall eat mo!"

Soon after this incident, Saladin dispatches an embassy to Richard, to solicit the ransom of the garrison of Acres, including several persons of high rank, who, with the city, had fallen into the hands of the christians. Richard receives the ambassadors courteously, and requests their company to dinner.

The invitation was gratefully accepted. Richard in the mean time gave secret orders to his marshal, that he should repair to the prison, select a certain number of the most distinguished captives, and, after carefully noting their names on a roll of parchment, cause their heads to be instantly struck off; that these

heads should be delivered to the cook, with instructions to clear away the hair, and, after boiling them in a cauldron, to distribute them on several platters, one to each guest, observing to fasten on the forehead of each the piece of parchment expressing the name and family of the victim:

"An hot head bring me befor,
 As I were well apayed withall,
 Eat thereof fast I shall;
 As it were a tender chick,
 To see how the others will like."

This horrible order was punctually executed. At noon the guests were summoned to wash by the music of the waits; the king took his seat, attended by the principal officers of his court, at the high table, and the rest of the company were marshalled at a long table below him. On the cloth were placed portions of salt at the usual distances, but neither bread, wine, nor water.—The ambassadors, rather surprised at this omission, but still free from apprehension, awaited in silence the arrival of the dinner, which was announced by the sound of pipes, trumpets, and tabors; and beheld, with horror and dismay, the unnatural banquet introduced by the steward and his officers. Yet their sentiments of disgust and abhorrence, and even their fears, were for a time suspended by their curiosity. Their eyes were fixed on the king, who, without the slightest change of countenance, swallowed the morsels as fast as they could be supplied by the knight who carved them.

Every man then poked other;
 They said, "This is the devil's brother,
 That slays our men, and thus hem eats!"

Their attention was then involuntarily fixed on the smoking heads before them; they traced, in the swoln and distorted features, the resemblance of a friend or near relation; and received from the fatal scroll which accompanied each dish the sad assurance, that this resemblance was not imaginary. They sat in torpid silence, anticipating

their own fate in that of their countrymen; while their ferocious entertainer, with fury in his eyes, but with courtesy on his lips, insulted them by frequent invitations to merriment. At length this first course was removed, and its place supplied by venison, cranes, and other dainties, accompanied by the richest wines. The king then apologized to them for what had passed, which he attributed to his ignorance of their taste; and assured them of his religious respect for their character as ambassadors, and of his readiness to grant them a safe-conduct for their return. This boon was all that they now wished to claim; and

King Richard spake to an old man,
 "Wendes home to your soudan!
 His melancholy that ye abate;
 And says that ye came too late.
 Too slowly was your time y-guessed;
 Ere ye came, the flesh was dressed,
 That men should serve with me,
 Thus at noon, and my meynie.
 Say him, it shall him nought avail,
 Though he for-bar us our vitail,
 Bread, wine, fish, flesh, salmon, and
 conger;
 Of us none shall die with hunger,
 While we may wenden to fight,
 And slay the Saracens downright,
 Wash the flesh and roast the head.
 With one Saracen, I may well feed
 Well a nine or a ten
 Of my good christian men.
 King Richard shall warrant,
 There is no flesh so nourissant
 Unto an English man,
 Partridge, plover, heron, ne swan,
 Cow ne ox, sheep ne swine,
 As the head of a Sarezyn.
 There he is fat, and thereto tender;
 And my men be lean and slender.
 While any Saracen quick be,
 Livand now in this Syrie,
 For meat will we nothing care.
 Abouten fast we shall fare,
 And every day we shall eat
 All so many as we may get:
 To England will we nought gon,
 Till they be eaten every one."

The other exploits of king Richard in the holy land were in a similar taste with this cannibal enter-

tainment. When such feats are imputed by way of praise and merit to the hero of the crusades, and received, as doubtless they were, with no small applause by the audience, the fact will go a great way to ascertain, whether the European character was improved or debased by these eastern expeditions.

—
Roland.

One class of romances comprehend such as relate to Charlemagne and his Paladins. These are founded on the chronicle of the Pseudo-Turpin, a collection of fables not very dissimilar to those brought together by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and which, like his Chronicle, has become the source of innumerable romances. But they never seem to have been equally popular in England; nor, indeed, could it be expected, as the scene is usually laid in France, Spain, or Italy. The Italians, from the days of Pulci to those of Ariosto, and much later, have had very many poems founded on this basis. Among the English ones are Roland and Ferragus, sir Otuel, and sir Ferumbras.

The first of these is remarkable for a very curious debate upon theology, between Roland, the Orlando of Ariosto, and Ferragus, a huge Spanish infidel giant, the Ferrau of the same poet. This controversy is introduced by a truce, in the midst of a duel between these champions, both of whom were invulnerable. After laying on each other with clubs for a reasonable time, Ferragus insists on the Spanish custom of taking a nap after noon. Roland, whose courtesy was equal to his valour, readily consented; and the giant, almost instantly falling asleep, began to snore so unreasonably loud, that his adversary heard him first with astonishment, and at last with compassion, conceiving that he must be in great pain, and that neither man nor monster could be naturally inclined to slumbers so very noisy and unharmonious. He therefore, after

surveying all the fragments of rock which they had lately thrown at each other, at length pitched upon one which appeared sufficiently smooth to form a tolerable pillow; and, having placed it with great care under the giant's head, had the satisfaction of perceiving that his repose became, in consequence, much more tranquil. Ferragus, however, at last awaked, stared about him, rubbed his eyes, and, not being aware of sir Roland's talents for bed-making, eagerly inquired who had so kindly provided him with a pillow; adding, that he should ever consider as his friend the person who had done him this good office; upon which the knight replied, that he had done it, partly indeed in charity to his own ears, which had been almost deafened: "but," continued he, "since you are now very fond of me, pray tell me whether you are all over invulnerable?" Ferragus answered that he was, excepting only in the navel; and then inquired, in his turn, into the birth, parentage, and education of his new acquaintance.

It was not to be expected that the pious Roland should reply to all these particulars, without mentioning his religion; and this naturally led him to lament, that the good friend whom he was then addressing was ultimately doomed to go to the devil. Ferragus, on his part, aware that stupidity is usually imputed to the whole race of giants, became anxious to convince his opponent of his talents for disputation, and desired Roland to give him a lesson of christianity; which the other readily undertook.

The combat was, by mutual consent, postponed; and the christian hero prepared to try whether the monster's head was more pervious to argument than to the knots of his club, or to the trenchant edge of Durindale.

The theological arguments used by Roland were all in vain; for no mode of converting the unbelieving heathen proved effectual; so that Roland had finally the trouble of killing him.

Sir Otuel, though the story is not interesting, is told with great spirit, and introduced by an excellent scene betwixt Charlemagne and a heathen ambassador.

Ferumbras is another poem concerning the wars of Charlemagne against the infidels, and is the very romance which Robert Bruce read to amuse and encourage his forlorn adherents, while they were ferried over Loch Lomond. Ferumbras is also the Fierabras after whose receipt the knight of La Mancha pretended to compound his notable balsam.

A romance of oriental origin is the earliest edition of the *Seven Wise Masters*, long known among school-boys. Florice and Blanchefleur; Robert of Cysille; sir Isumbras; sir Triamour; Ipomydon; Eglamour of Artois; Lay le Fraine; sir Eger and sir Grahame; Roswal and Lillian; and Amys and Amylion; are all tales of doughty knights and ladies fair, once in high renown among the courtly and the gallant, but now condemned to an obscurity which, in some respects, is as undeserved as their original super-eminent reputation.

The ancient metrical romances hold out to us, like Shakspeare's players, the abstract and brief chronicles of the time, and demand the serious consideration of every historian. Even in a literary point of view, their merit is not contemptible. It is true, the story is generally rambling and desultory, utterly incapable consequently of exciting the pleasure arising from a well conducted plan, all the parts of which depend on each other, and tend, each in due degree, to bring on the catastrophe. In a long romance, the adventures usually are all separate and insulated; only connected with each other, by happening to the same hero; just as beads are combined by the thread on which they are strung. This arrangement best suited the reciters, whose narration was to be proportioned to the time and patience of their audience; and whom this loose structure of

story permitted to compress or dilate as best suited their purpose, since any single adventure might be inserted without impropriety, or left out without being missed.

The same cause accounts for the loose and often tedious style in which the minstrels indulged. It was of consequence that their stanza should be so simple, as to be easily recollected, and their diction so copious, as not to suffer by any occasional deficiency of memory. For these reasons, Robert de Brunne tells us, that the common minstrels were unable to repeat tales written in a concise style and complicated stanza, and that such became *naught* in their imperfect recitation.

To these faults, we may add those of extreme awkwardness of contrivance and improbability of incident ; but which neither offended the taste, nor shocked the faith of their hearers. On the other hand, there is a sort of *keeping* in these ancient tales, which did not depend on the minstrel's inclination, and from which he could not have departed, had he tried to do so. This arises from his painting the manners of his own time as they passed before his eyes, and thus giving a truth and unity to the chivalrous events he relates, which the modern labourers in the vineyard of romance are utterly unable to imitate. With all the pains these last can use to deck their champions in the antique taste, they are perpetually confounding the past time with the present, and are guilty of anachronisms almost as gross as he who introduced a tea-table scene into the history of John of Gaunt. Neither is the language in which these legends are told altogether unworthy of applause. There often occur passages, which, from the spirit of the poet rising with the situation, may justly claim a rank among the higher and more masculine orders of poetry ; and, though the story is desultory and slightly put together, yet many of the individual adventures, of which each long romance is composed, are happily conceived and artfully executed. The

gloom of superstition likewise added a wild and dismal effect to the wonders of the minstrel ; and occasionally his description of supernatural events amounts nearly to sublimity.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE FRENCH STAGE.

NOTHING is more remarkable in the whole history of French literature, than the prodigious importance of the stage as a road to distinction and riches. During the monarchy all talent was forced in a manner into that direction, and rewarded with a liberality, that to those at a distance appears excessive and undistinguishing. It was by means of his tragedies, that Marmontel was raised into public notice and favour, and it was on them that all his labour and exertion was bestowed. His tales were written carelessly to fill up the pages of a literary journal, and without any idea of their contributing at all to his reputation. Yet these tales are read with admiration over every corner of Europe, while the existence of the tragedies is scarcely suspected by fifty persons out of his own country.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHARACTER OF MARMONTEL.

WITHOUT great passions or great talents, Marmontel seems to have had a lively imagination, a pliant and cheerful disposition, and a delicacy of taste and discrimination of still greater value in the society which fixed his reputation. Though good-tempered and social, he seems to have been in a good measure without heart or affection ; or, rather, the dissipated and sensual life to which he devoted himself at Paris, appears to have obstructed in him the growth of all generous and

exalted feeling. His behaviour to mademoiselle B., and to another lady whom he deserted at the era of his imprisonment in the Bastile, as well as some other traits contained in his *Memoirs*, seem at least to justify this opinion. At the same time, it should not be forgotten, that his affection for his mother was always ardent and sincere, and that he never forgot or neglected his relations, when fortune put it in his power to render them any service.

In society, he appears to have been joyous and easy; gay, without affecting to dazzle; and ingenious, without intolerance or fastidiousness.

His *Tales*, on which his character with posterity will most probably depend, are undoubtedly performances of great merit. They contain the most lively picture of French manners that is any where to be found, joined with a charming facility of diction, and great elegance and politeness in the whole management of the characters. Considering the purposes for which they were written, it can scarcely be imputed as a fault to them, that the tissue is sometimes too flimsy, and the subjects too frivolous. It is a fault, however, that the style is occasionally a little affected, and that a certain varnish of *prettyism* and pedantry is sometimes spread over conceptions of the most beautiful simplicity. The style of his *Memoirs* frequently reminds us of his *Moral Tales*; it is less brilliant, indeed, and more diffuse; but there is much of the same amenity and delicacy, and the delineation of character is to the full as remarkable for nicety of discrimination and lively facility of expression.

For the Literary Magazine.

CURIOUS GERMAN NOVEL.

A WHIMSICAL novel, entitled the History of an Orphan, has lately been translated into French, from the German, the idea of which thus arose. Two friends being in company, *bouts-rimés* amused them for

a time; and one of them afterwards desired the other to think of twelve words, which he engaged to use as the ground-work of a novel or romance. The following words were mentioned: *volcano, minister, beetle, ostrich, storm, mine, ocean, wolf, lead, cowardice, hell, and seduction*. To each of these subjects a chapter is allotted; and they form, in the aggregate, a chain of narrative. The following analysis of this production will exhibit the links of the chain.

An old German baron travels with a young wife into Italy; and the lady, being eagerly desirous of a near view of Mount Vesuvius, mounts that *volcano*, on the summit of which she is delivered of a son. The infant, that he might not incommode his mother in her journey, is consigned to the care of the *minister* who baptised him. Wandering about the fields in a playful mood, the boy hears the buzzing of a *beetle* (commonly called a chafer or may-bug); and, being tempted to pursue the insect, he falls into the hands of banditti. Escaping from the cavern in which he was confined, he meets with an exhibiter of wild animals, who compels him to enter into his service, and take charge of an *ostrich*. Having killed this bird, by giving it iron and flint for food, he is threatened by his master with a severe flagellation; but he avoids that punishment by flight; and, being overtaken by a violent *storm*, he takes refuge in a hut. Here he is accosted by a sportsman, who conducts him to his castle, and employs him in the concerns of a *mine*. A sudden disagreement with his patron obliges him to quit his metallurgic pursuits; and, being in danger of famine, he offers himself as an assistant to a taylor, who, being more attached to poetry than to his regular occupation, advises our hero to devote himself to the muses. Adopting this counsel, he writes a poem, the subject which is the *ocean*. He presents a copy of it to a German prince, who, being a wretched judge of literature, is so pleased with it,

that he appoints the author his park-keeper. A *wolf* having leaped into the park through a breach in the wall, and devoured two Spanish sheep, the negligent keeper is thrown into prison. Here, for want of a pen, he writes verses on the prince's birth-day with *lead*, taken from the casement, and, having recovered his liberty by these effusions of compliment, he renews his wanderings. Finding the proprietor of the mine attacked and wounded by two armed men, he is enabled, by their *cowardice*, to rescue him. The assaulted individual, having a violent dispute with a priest who menaced him with the torments of *hell*, is so agitated, that his wounds are rendered mortal; and he declares, on his death-bed, that he was guilty of adultery with the mother of our adventurer, to whom, as his son, he bequeaths his whole property. The minister above-mentioned, being endangered by a false charge, and required to consent to the *seduction* of his daughter by his accuser, quits his Italian abode; and, discovering our hero in Germany, gives him the young lady in marriage. The moral of the piece is, that all the actions of life are connected with each other, and that our fate frequently depends on what appears to be the merest trifle.

For the Literary Magazine.

SCULPTURE, A BAD SCHOOL FOR PAINTERS.

WITH regard to the danger of an indiscriminate imitation of the antique, almost all we know of it is preserved in *sculpture*; and much of that sculpture is employed in embodying personifications of *deities*, and supernatural beings; from both which circumstances, it may become a source of error to the student of painting.

The ancient sculptors considered a certain grave simplicity, and sedate tranquillity, as necessary to the grandeur and effect of their finer

compositions; an air of stillness and repose, accordingly, is their grand characteristic; and, even in the expression of passion, they found it necessary, in order to preserve the beauty and dignity of their works, to avoid that minute and sharp representation of the features, and those convulsions and distortions of the muscles that are strictly natural. The painter, however, it is obvious, is bound down by no such limitations.

It is very true, that the painter may often be allowed to preserve much of the same gravity of style with the statuary; that such compositions will possess a certain augustness; and that some subjects even require this; while many admit of it, provided the tone and principle of composition be well preserved, and the painting characterized by low and moderated colouring. In general, however, this is neither necessary, nor perhaps natural, to the style of composition in painting. A stronger expression, a closer imitation of natural character may be adopted; and, at least, where there is bold light and vivid colouring, there should be strong and natural character, bold and characteristic drawing. A painting, with high finishing, and bright colouring, demands minute expression, because the same circumstances which display the natural colouring are necessarily accompanied by a minute disclosure of the parts and the features.

From these considerations, it is apparent, that the imitation of the antique is apt to seduce the student into many fundamental errors, even if he should look for his models among the representations of human subjects. But the finest and most admired productions of antiquity are the statues of its gods; and in these there is another source of deception.

The ancient artist studied to bestow the character of divinity, by giving repose to the limbs without any indication of muscles or veins, and, by exhibiting a face full of the mild serenity of a being superior to the passions of mankind, as shadow-

ing out a state of existence in which the will possesses the most perfect freedom and activity, without the exertion of the bodily frame. But those ideal forms are scarcely ever to be transferred to the representation of the human body; and a modern artist who indiscriminately follows such a model, misapplies the noblest lessons of his art.

The famous Le Brun, in his pictures of the battles of Alexander, first represented that conqueror with the head of Minerva, which he found on some of his coins, and afterwards, when the mistake was pointed out to him by some of his classical friends, corrected it, by substituting the head of the young Hercules, which appeared on another series of medals.

The study of what is called the *academy-figure* is liable to similar objections. It can give no assistance in the delineation of the countenance. It cannot afford the means of seizing those momentary and characteristic exertions of muscular power which accompany sudden exertion, and must so often form the subject of the painter's imitation. As the figure is screwed up into a particular position, and supported in it by cords, his limbs never display the same action of muscles which takes place in the case of voluntary exertion; the muscles, too, are intentionally protruded where the student is to copy; but the rest of the frame is still and lifeless. From copying such figures, a young artist is apt to produce an appearance like spasm or cramp in the limbs, one part being in action, while the rest is loose and relaxed: on other occasions, though the proportions are exact, the figures stand in attitudes when they were meant to be in action, and communicate to the spectator no idea of exertion or of motion.

The true corrective for all these faults is the study of anatomy; which, by teaching the painter the course and workings of the muscles, as well as the sympathy of their action in different parts of the body, enables him, without the help of a

model, to represent, with truth and effect, all the exertions and emotions which he may wish to delineate. Even in copying from a model, this knowledge is of the utmost importance; it gives the painter a spirit of minute observation, and forces him to attend to those slight but important indications, which are apt to be overlooked by one who is ignorant of the causes from which they proceed. I have often, says an adept in this subject, had occasion to observe the perplexity of a young artist in representing the course of a swelling muscle: the little depressions and convexities about a joint, or the knobbed end of a bone obscurely perceived through the superficial integuments. These appear to him but unmeaning varieties in the outline; he makes swellings merely; and in transcribing a language which he does not understand, is guilty of a thousand errors and inaccuracies.

For the Literary Magazine

A PANEGYRIC ON IRELAND. BY
A FATHER TO HIS SON.

By Holcroft.

OH, by the living lamb, put all the countries in the world in a bag, and the whole lot of them is not worth little Ireland. They are not to be named in the same day; and, faith, now I remember, I don't at all believe they were made and created at the same time. Because why? there is more generosity, more hospitality, more good faith, more friendship, and bitter claret in Ireland, than in all; which I would not advise any man on earth to contradict or deny. Thin, as what they call their christian virtues, why the Irish were the first to find their saints and martyrs, with good ould saint Patrick, the father of thim att their hidd, to plant their blissed cross, and tache the vile pagans a little of what was what. And thin there

was a plintiful assortment of books and writings among the ould Irish, before it had ever been heard by any soul on earth that there was a single orater any where to be found who could read; which, sure, is proof enough of their learning. And beside that, they had all those kind of things which they call arts and sciences; and had them all at their finger's inds long enough before any of these sort of matters were known at all, at all: all of which my own cousin, Mr. O'Hallagan, has written a great bit of a book about. But what do I talk of christian virtues? Sure, are we not the most jocular, the bravest, the—brave! And then our women! Oh, the sweet craters! Surely, a gentleman of Ireland is no gentleman that does not people his own parish, and presint every one of his tinants with a sweet miniature picture of himself. I mane a bit of a whole length portrait, that is so viry like; why, it is quite alive, and runs alone. And thin, for our ateing and drinking, why, who the divle that is not a spalpeen would ever be seen to go to bidd sober? Oh! my dear Bryan, that you had but been born when I was a boy, and had gone with me every Michaelmas fair to the faste of O'Connor. Faith, and I will give you a bit of a description of the thing, for it would tingle in your ears as long as you live. Such ateing and drinking, and bawling and squalling, and laughing and crying—

Oh, the sweet little divles were wanton
and frisky,
With ateing salt herring, and drinking
of whiskey;
With hugging and kissing, and pipeing
and prancing,
'Twould do your heart good had you
seen 'em all dancing!

Said Sheelah O'Shug, Arrah, Thaddy,
be asy!
You touze and you tug, by my soul
you're all crazy!
Tara lal lara lal lara lal lara liou.
Oh, hone a chree honey—whoop!—how
does your mother do?

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But while we were tipling, came Mur-
doch O'Bralagan,
Swearing he'd murder poor Lary O'Ca-
laghan:

Then in with shilalee came Roderick
O'Connor,

[That was my first cousin.]

To be sure, how he bother'd them all
about honour;

For he had the kingdom of Connaught
by birthright,

A thousand good summers before he saw
daylight.

Tara lal, &c.

Mac Dermot came in, with a bounce
and a flirt,

For his fathers were kings, too, that had
not a shirt.

[That is because they were kings long
before the wearing of shirts was in-
vented.]

And there, too, the proud mother's son
of O'Hara

Gave beggars the bones, when he'd
suck'd out the marrow.

The tight lads fell out, and the lasses
were scar'd;

You'd have laugh'd had you seen how
the blind piper star'd.

With my tara lal, &c.

Oh, the sweet faste of O'Connor!
whin we all came together, one after
another, to bid a welcome to his
birth day. Long life, says I, to the
sons of O'Connor! may they go
dancing to their coffins, ay, and af-
ter their dith! says Turlough. May
their doors be always open, and their
hearts never shut! says Dermot.
May their enemies die in a bog!
says Phelim. And never sleep in a
bidd, says I, while their friends have
always plenty of hilt, with wine and
whiskey, which is the best of all.
I shall niver forget O'Connor's an-
wer to us all. Oh, says he, may the
sweet soul of Con, the hair of the
hundred battles, and my great an-
cistor, look down upon and bless you
all! Why, Lary, and Rory, and
and Pat, where are ye? Bring out
the whiskey! Lit the frinds of my
fadther's house ate and drink, and
make their good ould Irish hearts
glad!

Oh, the plisure it is, to behold
with my eyes the deeds of my fad-
thers remimbered so well! To see
my fine frinds, without fraud or dis-
guise, assimble their honest affliction
to tell!

The good ould milaisian that niver would
mingle

His stream with the puddle, from north
or from south!

Oh, it sitts all the blood in my body to
tingle;

And makes my warm heart caper up
to my mouth!

And thin, to be sure, the battle
royal which put an ind to it all!
Had you seen the well shaped tough
shilalas, with which we all knock-
ed at the doors, I mane at the
ears, of our bist frinds, and often
found nobody at home! Oh, good
luck to your life time! but that is a
thing not to be forgotten. And so I
knew viry well before I lift it, there
was not another ould Ireland any
where to be found; which is the
raison that I am at all times riddy
to acknowledge that the Irish spake
the bist English, have the most good-
breeding, the finest cities, the best
rivers, lakes, and waters, the sweet-
est country, and the bravist people,
with every thing of the sort that
can be wished in all the world, and
his majesty's dominions into the bar-
gain! And this, I say, I should re-
joice to hear any man think proper
to deny, whether I am present, or
whether I am not.

For the Literary Magazine.

VISIT TO FERNEY.

By a late Traveller.

I ATTENDED a party of English
friends to that far-famed place a
few days since. Ferney is situated
in a beautiful country, about seven
or eight miles from Geneva. The
town, which owed its prosperity
to Voltaire, and was principally
built by him, is still inhabited, and

several of the houses are of a good
construction. On approaching the
"chateau," or country-seat, which
stands above the town, commanding
a very extensive view of Mont
Blanc, the lake of Lemane, and the ad-
joining country (every spot of which
is distinguished by some particular
beauty), we perceived that there
were persons assembled in the
church. This church, as every body
knows, was erected by Voltaire. A
priest was officiating at the altar,
who (so I was afterwards informed)
was *curé*, or rector, in the time of
the philosopher. His name is Hu-
gune; and after a ten years' exile
he is lately returned to perform the
duties of his profession, in the very
spot where it is supposed that the
abolition of religion was first planned.
You will easily conceive with what
curiosity we viewed a place and a
ceremony rendered so very singular
by the number of concurring cir-
cumstances.

The chateau now belongs to M. B.,
from whose family Voltaire bought
the estate. After his death, madame
Denys possessed it for a few years.
Then succeeded the marquis de la
Villette, who, after disposing of se-
veral detached pieces, at last sold
back the whole which remained, to
the representative of the original
proprietor, the present possessor.
This gentleman received us with
great politeness, and himself showed
us the grounds.

I am happy to add, that the apart-
ment of Voltaire still continues ex-
actly in the state in which he oc-
cupied it. To satisfy your curiosity,
I have copied a list of the pictures
and inscriptions which it contains.
In his bedchamber, on the wall, is
written—

"Mes mânes sont consolés, puisque
mon cœur
Est au milieu de vous."

Under this inscription stood for-
merly a black china vase, contain-
ing the heart of the philosopher;
and under the vase was written—

"Son esprit est partout, et son cœur
est ici."

His heart has since been removed, and is now placed in the Pantheon of Paris.

On the right of this monument is the picture of a beautiful young woman, who is called La Conturiere; a print of pope Clement XIV; and the portrait of a lad who was his "rameur," or boatman. On the left, a likeness of Catharine II, worked on silk, and which is said to be the performance of the Empress. This must be a mistake, as above it is written—

"La Salle inven. et fecit."

Underneath are these words—

"Présenté à monsieur Voltaire par l'auteur."

On the right of the bed, which is ornamented with yellow silk curtains, is an excellent likeness of Frederic II of Prussia: on the left, a drawing of Voltaire, taken at the age of forty.

On the wall against which the bedstead is placed, and within the curtains, is a large print of Le Kain the celebrated tragic actor, encircled with laurel. Near the fire-place is a likeness of madame la marquise de Chatelet.

On the right of the window, prints of the following persons are suspended: the family of Calas, Diderot, Isaac Newton, Benjamin Franklin, Pierre Corneille, J. D. d'Alembert, and John Milton. These were placed by Voltaire; to which has been added, a small print of J. Delille, with this citation, written with a pen: "Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili;" and a large one of George Washington.

On the left side of the window, are engravings of the following: Etienne François duc de Choiseul d'Amboise, Antoine Thomas, George Guillaume Leibnitz, Jean Jacques d'Artons de Marain, J. d'Alembert, Jean Racine, F. F. Marmontel, and C. E. Helvetius.

Near these also appears a print,

intended as a design for a tomb, and made under his own directions, with this epitaph:

"Dans ce triste et fatal tombeau
Repose l'ombre de Voltaire.
Pleurez, beaux arts—vous ne verrez plus
de père:
Et l'univers a perdu son flambeau."

For the Literary Magazine.

A SKETCH OF SWITZERLAND AND THE SWISS.

THE beauties of Switzerland are so various; there is such an extraordinary combination of the grand and mild features of nature, of the sublime and lovely; of wild and cultivated scenery; that it is almost impossible to conceive unwitnessed the satisfaction which one enjoys in travelling through this delightful country. Here, towering Alps, mountains of ice, extensive lakes, and loud-sounding cataracts: there, cornfields, vineyard, pleasure-grounds, lofty trees, plains of unequalled verdure, level roads, and smiling villages. In one canton, all the pomp and ceremony of the church of Rome, accompanied very generally by dirt, idleness, and comparative indigence: in another, the unadorned worship of the Supreme Being in simple rustic meeting houses, filled with congregations of orderly, well-dressed, and well-looking peasantry. The variety of religion is not more remarkable than the variety of *costume*: every canton has its distinguishing habit; and while each differs from the other, all of them have a character peculiar to this country, and totally unlike the dresses of any other nation in modern Europe. Many of the female fashions are very becoming; and I have seen some girls, so accoutred, who would have excited the praises of admiration even in London or in Paris. In some parts of Switzer-

land, the women wear large straw hats, ornamented with roses and wild flowers: in others, black beavers with gold bands. Their hair is sometimes folded in tresses round their heads; sometimes enclosed in plaits, which are so long as to reach their feet; and sometimes covered by a black lace cap of singular shape. Their jackets are of different forms and different colours. A short petticoat here discovers a red stocking, with a wooden slipper; and there, a white one, with a black leather sandal of peculiar form. In short, the eccentricities of dress are innumerable: and in travelling in this country, a man may easily imagine himself at a masquerade.

The appearance of the people, with some exceptions, is respectable. There seems still to reign much comfort, independence, and general ease.

The houses in most of the villages are of wood, and are frequently built without chimneys, the smoke being allowed to make its way through the windows. This is an inconvenience not arising from poverty; for many of the houses so constructed belong to persons in affluent circumstances, and contain rooms of some extent; but occasioned by the prevalence of long usage, which has not yet yielded to the improvements of the present day.

The Swiss are a tall, athletic, hardy race of men: civil, reserved, and cautious in all their proceedings; much attached to their own country and customs: zealous advocates of rational freedom; inclined to military exertion; and entertaining a violent antipathy to their neighbours and oppressors, the French nation. Having given them this character, it is almost needless for me to add, that, if France wishes to sink the name of Switzerland into that of a department of the republic—"one and indivisible," she can only succeed in her object by superior force: voluntarily this brave people will never become the vassal of that or any other country whatever.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE EXPRESSION OF THE PASSIONS.

THE violent passions mark themselves so distinctly on the countenance both of man and beast, that we are apt, in the first instance, to consider the movements by which they are indicated as certain signs or characters provided by nature for the express purpose of intimating the internal emotion; and to suppose that they are interpreted by the observer in consequence of a peculiar and instinctive faculty. This view of things, however, so natural at first sight, is not altogether satisfactory; and a more jealous observation of facts suggests an opposite theory, in which instinctive agency is rejected, and the appearances are explained from a consideration of the necessities and voluntary exertions of the animal. With regard to the observer, it has been asserted, that it is by experience alone that he distinguishes the signs of the passions; that we learn, while infants, to consider smiles as expressions of kindness, because they are accompanied by acts of beneficence and by endearments, and frowns as the contrary, because we find them followed by blows; that the expression of anger in a brute is only that which has been observed to precede his biting, and that of fondness, his fawning and licking of the hand. With regard to the creature itself, it is said, what have been called the external signs of passion, are merely the concomitants of those voluntary movements, which the passion or habits suggest; that the glare of the lion's eye, for example, is the consequence of a voluntary exertion to see his prey more clearly; his grin, or snarl, the natural motion of uncasing his fangs before he uses them.

A close investigation will inform us, that the whole expression in the countenances of brutes is derived from those actions of the muscles which are necessary to the perform-

ance of their animal functions ; but that there are, in the human face, a variety of peculiar muscles, which serve no other purpose than to express intellectual or social emotions, and are to be considered, therefore, as the index or alphabet of human sentiment.

The chief expression in the lower animals is that of rage. The carnivorous animals express this, by uncovering the fang teeth with which they are about to seize their prey, and opening the eyelid strongly, by which the coats of the eye are stretched, and a certain brightness or glare excited in it. Those appearances, therefore, do not originally express any passion of the mind ; they merely indicate an approaching action ; they are parallel to the unsheathing of a sword, or the cocking of a pistol. The graminivorous animals do not seize their food with the side teeth ; they crop it with the front ones. They are unprovided, therefore, with the muscles which uncase the fangs of the lion or tyger ; and, as the act of biting the grass indicates nothing like rage or ferocity, we have associated no expression of this kind with the movement by which they uncover the fore teeth. Their only indication of rage is in the position of their organs of attack : in the inclined head, and oblique horns of the bull, or the eye and the ear of the horse reverted towards the heels with which he is preparing to strike.

Man has both these sets of muscles ; and he has a variety of others that are peculiar to himself, and seem to answer no purpose but as organs of human expression. These are chiefly the *corrugator supercilii*, or that which knits the eye-brows, and the *triangularis oris*, which, in combination with some other muscles about the mouth, produces that arching of the lip which is so expressive of contempt, hatred, jealousy, and all the unsocial passions.

The expression of human rage partakes of that of the two classes of animals ; the corresponding muscles of the lips and nostril producing a

similar action with that of brutes ; an exposure and gnashing of the teeth ; a degree of sparkling of the eye, and an inflation of the nostril. And of a face under the influence of such action, a spectator would infallibly say, that the aspect is perfectly brutal, savage, and cruel.

But when the *corrugator supercilii*, a muscle peculiar to human expression, is brought into action, the sign is altered. The eye-brows are knit, the energy of mind is apparent, and the mingling of human thought and emotion with the savage and brutal rage of the mere animal.

Laughter is peculiar to man, as well as the expressions of hope, admiration, despair, and many other emotions. Though the form of the head in brutes be often very beautiful in itself, it never fails to produce a disgusting effect, when engrafted in any degree on the human countenance. Whenever the imagination catches an idea of brutal character, the whole dignity and beauty of the head is instantaneously destroyed. The chief ingredient in human beauty is the visible capacity for expression. This capacity of expression, this indication of a mind susceptible of great, or of tender emotions, has a great share in human beauty ; whether in the living countenance, or that which the pencil presents. How different the tame regularity of a merely placid countenance, from what strikes the spectator when he beholds the indications of a great mind in that susceptibility of emotion and energy, which marks the brow, and animates the eye of the hero, even in the calmest scenes of life ! How fascinating, when compared with the insipid prettiness and regular features of an inanimate beauty, is that susceptibility which lightens up the countenance and plays on the features of a woman of sensibility, even while she is unmoved by any particular affection ! The full clear eye ; the arched and moveable eyebrow ; the smooth and polished forehead ; as indicating this kind of capacity, this susceptibility of emotion, and power of expression, are

grand features of human character and beauty. And the perfection of their beauty is found whenever the spectator is made sensible of this inherent, this latent power of expression, while no prevailing passion gives a cast to the features.

For the Literary Magazine.

POMPEII.

THE following account of that great wonder of Naples and of Italy, Pompeii, we have extracted from the travels of Lemaistre, lately published, that our readers may compare it with Kotzebue's, inserted in a former volume*, and may receive whatever information we can communicate on so curious a subject.

From Portici we drove to Pompeia, or Pompeii (for it is called by both names), a distance of ten miles. The country is beautiful, and the road excellent. Our expectations, highly as they had been raised, were, on arriving, much exceeded by the reality. Pompeii is not, like Herculaneum, under ground, and only visible in parts, and by torch-light; the whole is seen in open day; and the ruins might be taken for those of a city only just destroyed. We walked through the street, the pavement of which still exists; and the marks of the carriages which once rolled over them are clearly discerned. The streets are narrow, and have flag stones on each side for foot-passengers. We saw two perfect amphitheatres, with the seats which the citizens of Pompeii formerly occupied; and plainly distinguished the boxes of the consuls, marked by corresponding ornaments. The public inscriptions also remain.

We next entered the temple of Isis, and beheld the altar, the secret staircase and hiding-place whence the priests pronounced the answers of the oracle, the place of slaughter, and that of sacrifice, &c., &c. This

temple was built of brick, and covered with a kind of stucco. Some of the pillars are still entire: they are nine feet and a half high, and of the Doric order. All the instruments employed in sacrifice were found in this temple: candelabra, lamps, lustral basins, &c. Skeletons were also lying here, supposed to be the remains of the priests, who, as they were performing the sacred rites, were smothered in the shower of lava which destroyed the town. The walls were ornamented with emblems descriptive of the worship of Isis, and even with paintings of the costumes of the priests. We likewise visited the barracks of the soldiers, which stood at one end of the town.

The private houses are but small, and each possesses a hall, or entrance room, in which a fountain of water constantly played. The apartments would be thought very little even in England, and in this hot climate must have been very inconvenient.

The burying-ground of Diomedes, and the villa of a rich citizen, were the next objects which drew our attention. The latter is the only edifice which conveys some idea of a large mansion.

From the limited dimensions of the houses here (notwithstanding the paintings and other valuable articles found within them, which prove that economy cannot have occasioned this diminutive style of building); and from the circumstance of not one ancient dwelling being left at Rome, though the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and even parts of the emperor's palace remain; I am inclined to conjecture, that a custom, originating in the spirit of republicanism, made the masters of the world avoid every appearance of ostentation in private habitations; while the utmost magnificence, luxury, and taste abounded in the theatres and forums, where the people assembled; in the mansions where the magistrates, the consuls, or the emperors resided; in the baths devoted to public use; and in the temples of

* Vol. V, p. 359.

the gods. As I am no antiquary, I pretend not to give a decisive opinion on a fact with which I am so little acquainted; and only throw out this idea as one which has suggested itself more than once since I crossed the Alps.

I resume the subject of Pompeii. In the cellars of the villa, several bodies were found, supposed to have been those of servants; while in another part were discovered, surrounded with bags of useless gold, the carcases of their masters. Fine paintings *al-fresco* are still visible, and some of them are on transparent marble. When water is thrown on these pictures, they appear in all the freshness of their original colouring. The subjects of some of these paintings are not very decorous, according to modern ideas of delicacy; and the symbol of the god of gardening appears rather too frequently in the decoration of houses. Different signs, distinguishing the different trades carried on in shops, are plainly perceived; and among them, those of a tavern-keeper, on which all sorts of refreshments are painted.

Having given you these few particulars, I need scarcely mention how much we were gratified in strolling about a place inhabited by the Romans, and which looked as if they had ceased but yesterday to occupy it. Identifying their persons with their habitations, we seemed to see them at their games, at their devotions, in the interior of their private dwellings, at their military exercises, walking or driving about their streets, enjoying social converse, preparing feasts, or consulting the oracle of their gods: in short, in their daily occupations, in the kitchen, the bedchamber, the cellar, the library, the market, the walk, the forum, the theatre, the camp, and the temple.

For the Literary Magazine.

CARRON-WORKS.

THE Carron-works in Stirlingshire, Scotland, are the greatest iron-

works in Europe, conducted by the greatest company ever associated for carrying on a manufacture. For giving motion to the machinery of this vast establishment, the company have the command of the whole force of the river Carron, which also brings their ore, coals, and other materials up to the works, and carries off the manufactured goods without any cartage. Cannon are cast solid, and bored by drills turned by the river; and not only the British government, but every power in Europe has been supplied with them. There is also a shorter kind of cannon, of a proportion of between a great gun and a howitzer, invented in the year 1752, at the fort on Cove Island, in the harbour of Cork, by general Melville, first made here in 1779 by Mr. Gascoigne, director of the works, and now well known over the whole world by the name of carronades. Pipes, cylinders, boilers for sugar-works, ballast for ships, stove-grates, which are now in almost every apartment of the British dominions where coal is burned; and, in general, every article that can be made of cast-iron, are made in great perfection at these works. There are also forges for making anchors of all sizes, anvils, and other heavy articles; machinery for making malleable iron and plating iron. Above 140 tons of coal are expended every day, and about 1000 men are employed in time of peace, but a much greater number in war. In the neighbourhood there is a large manufacture of nails; and several others, on smaller scales.

For the Literary Magazine.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BRITISH
PARLIAMENT RESPECTING THE
SLAVE TRADE.

SOON after the formation of the present ministry, the attorney-general, with the entire concurrence of the cabinet, and in his official capacity, brought in an important bill,

which passed both houses of parliament without any very formidable opposition, and afterwards received the royal assent. This bill, which is now a public law, prohibits the exportation of slaves from the British colonies after the first of January, 1807, and prohibits all subjects of Great Britain, residing there or in foreign settlements, from being in any way concerned in, or accessory to, the supply of foreign countries with slaves, after the first of January.

This prohibition, intended to prevent the investment of British capital, or the employment of British vessels and seamen in the foreign slave trade, and thereby to cut off a large portion of that commerce, is carried into effect by various salutary regulations and well-contrived penalties. The ship and cargo of any British trader engaged in the prohibited trade, either from the colonies or from Africa, or from other places to foreign settlements, are to be forfeited, and a further penalty levied of 50*l.* sterling for each slave. A similar forfeiture is to take place of any vessel employed in supplying foreign ships with slaves on the coast of Africa, and a penalty of 100*l.* sterling is to be levied from any British subject engaged in furnishing, or indirectly forwarding such a supply. A clause is also inserted, for the purpose of preventing British credit or capital from being embarked in the foreign slave trade. Every method by which British subjects, or persons resident in their dominions, may be conceived to aid the slave trade, is anxiously enumerated. Investment of stock, loan of money, loan of vessels, becoming collateral security to such loans, &c., are all declared unlawful, and liable to a forfeiture of double the sums advanced; and all bonds or other securities given for such unlawful loans are declared to be null and void, except in the hands of *bona fide* purchasers. Moreover, all insurances on such prohibited transactions are declared void, and further subjected to a penalty of five hundred pounds sterling. It is likewise de-

clared to be unlawful to assist in the outfitting of any foreign vessels sailing for Africa, and severe penalties are attached to this offence. All British vessels clearing out for the slave trade are required to give bond not to engage directly or indirectly in the foreign slave trade. The same requisition must be complied with in the case of slaves exported from one British settlement to another; and all vessels arriving in the British colonies are to make declaration at the nearest custom-house, accompanied with evidence from log-books, surgeon's testimony and journal, and testimony of the other officers, that no slaves have been landed contrary to the intent of the act. Such are the multiplied regulations by which this wise and virtuous law prevents effectually any British subjects from being accessory to the foreign slave trade. But it goes a step farther, and lends its assistance to the order in council, which was passed last session, for preventing the importation of slaves into the colonies conquered by the British during the present war. That order could, of course, only begin to operate upon the vessels when they came to the conquered settlement. The power of the crown extended no farther. But this act extends its whole provisions, in the case of the foreign slave trade, to the prevention of the trade for the supply of the conquered colonies, in every stage of its progress; so that the intention of that salutary order is now completely fulfilled, and an effectual stop put, with a few trivial exceptions, to the whole importation of negroes into the extensive settlements of Dutch Guiana, St Lucia, Tobago, &c.

Nor has the enlightened zeal of the ministry stopt here, though, had they done no more for the abolition, they would have proved themselves its firm friends. They soon after brought forward another bill, which has now, with scarcely any resistance, nearly gone through the parliament, for the purpose of preventing the increase of the British slave

trade in all its branches. Its general object is meant to be attained, by prohibiting any vessel, under severe penalties, from being engaged in the African trade, unless it can prove, before certain public functionaries, that it was formerly employed in the same traffic.

The next measure which the ministry brought forward, with the view of effecting the abolition of the slave trade, was a resolution against that traffic, couched in very decided language. This resolution was moved by Mr. Fox in the house of commons; and, after an animated discussion, the house declared, by a very large majority, that the African slave trade is contrary to justice, humanity, and sound policy, and pledged itself to take effectual measures for its abolition, with all practicable expedition. This resolution was then sent up to the lords, and a conference demanded, "upon a matter, in which the reputation of the country, for justice, humanity, and sound policy, is deeply interested." Accordingly, after this conference, the lords joined in the same resolution, on the motion of lord Grenville, by a large majority of votes.

The last step taken in this great work was an address from the houses of parliament to the king, "beseeching him to take such measures, as may appear most effectual for obtaining, by negotiation, the concurrence and concert of foreign powers in the abolition of the slave trade, and the execution of the regulations adopted for that purpose."

The whole conduct of the British ministry in this momentous business has been pure, steady, and zealous. They have proposed the wisest plans for attaining the most virtuous and salutary object which a great nation ever struggled to accomplish; and they have defended their schemes by the most fair and liberal arguments, combining, in all their discussions, a thorough knowledge of the question before them, with an extensive appeal to the best principles of political science, and a

sensibility to the great doctrines of public justice. They have reaped the reward of their enlightened exertions. While the general resolutions which they have carried give a solemn pledge to the world of a total abolition of the traffic next session of parliament, the legislative measures already adopted have checked the growth of the evil at home, and greatly diminished its magnitude abroad. The 30,000 slaves exported annually from Africa in British vessels, are only in a small proportion destined for the use of the British colonies; above 22,000 are stated, by the friends of the trade, to be intended for the foreign settlements. To this must be added a large number of slaves carried by British vessels under cover of the neutral flags. From certain documents which we have had an opportunity of consulting, we cannot estimate these at less than 8000; and the supply of the conquered colonies considerably exceeds 10,000 annually; so that, in the course of one session of parliament, a slave trade *has been abolished*, which used to carry over yearly above forty thousand innocent and miserable persons, from their peaceful homes, through the multiplied horrors of the voyage, to perpetual bondage and wretchedness in the West Indian plantations; and a stop has been put to all the murders, torture and plunder, which were daily and hourly desolating the continent of Africa, for the supply of so enormous a consumption of human flesh.

For so great a blessing, humanity itself, the name of man all over the world, rescued from such a stain, is deeply indebted to the exertions of the British parliament. Nor let us, the while, forget our obligations to those private individuals who first brought the evil to light, and ceased not until they had pursued it to judgment. Most of all, let our gratitude be testified to that man*, who has begun and led this glorious struggle, who has devoted to its success all

* Mr. Wilberforce.

his days, and all his talents, who has retired from all recompense for his labours, save the satisfaction of doing good to his fellow-creatures, who, giving up to mankind what others have sacrificed to party, has preferred the glory of living in the recollection of a grateful world to the shining rewards of a limited ambition. Had he failed as entirely as he is now likely to succeed in the great object of his exertions, his name would have equally merited a place among the benefactors of our species. But men will always judge by the event; and we now rejoice to contemplate this distinguished person, standing, as it were, on the brink of his final triumph, in the greatest battle ever fought by human beings, and an object, we really think, of just envy to the most ambitious of mortals.

For the Literary Magazine.

A TRAVELLER'S LETTERS.

New York, August, 1806.

DEAR FRIENDS,

THE head of my letter will inform you where I am; and, agreeably to my parting promise, I hasten to give you every information as to how I came here, and all the little events of my little journey. You will probably find a hundred trifling subjects introduced in my letters; and, if so, do not let all the blame be attached to the writer, but let his motive excuse what may, perhaps, prove an ineffectual effort to oblige.

You know that, after having failed in attempting to procure a seat in the stage coach, I was indebted to the politeness of Mr. H— of Burlington for a seat in a chair, by which means I enjoyed the society of an agreeable and well-informed companion. We travelled briskly through a very pleasant country, mostly level, consequently not abounding in romantic prospects, but comfortable ones, the land being tolerably well cultivated, and very extensive fields of ripening corn giv-

ing the promise of a plentiful harvest. Many of these fields seemed to extend a mile from the road, bounded by thick woods, whose dark shades gave additional liveliness to the lighter green of the corn and grass, and were finely contrasted with the bright and cloudless azure of the bounding horizon.

Generally, at the distance of from one to three miles, a farm house appeared in sight: but they were not near so numerous as I expected to find them, though it is not improbable that many, owing to the obscurity of their situation, were passed unobserved. We stopped at the farm of Mr. C—, where we were welcomed with a cordial shake of the hand, and civilly invited to dinner; but the haste of my companion not permitting our stay, we only partook of the refreshment which is usually offered to visitors in this part of Jersey, viz. excellent cherry.

There is something very agreeable to me in entering the house of a substantial Jersey farmer. Here we find none of that distance which people in cities generally think it necessary to preserve towards strangers: every one is welcomed with the accustomed greeting, like an old acquaintance, and treated nearly with the same freedom as though they were actually so. Here the formality of an introduction is unnecessary; and, indeed, before time sufficient to perform it has elapsed, the stranger is already acquainted, and engaged in conversation with the family. It must be confessed, however, that when a stranger is introduced, compliments and obliging "sayings" are not bandied about with that dexterity to which citizens are accustomed; and we are sometimes obliged to smile mentally at the awkwardness attending an introduction, as, "Friend A, this is Mr. B." The monosyllabic answer is generally equivalent to "I do not doubt it."

The situation of this farm is more romantic than any I had yet met with. The house is built on an elevated scite, and commands a beauti-

ful view of the surrounding country. At the foot of the elevation is a large sheet of water (a mill pond), nearly surrounded by an amphitheatrical ~~soil~~, whose deep shade gave a beautiful appearance to the colour of the little lake, as it frowned on its clear and tranquil bosom.

This was the first piece of water I saw till we reached Crosswicks, thirty-four miles from Philadelphia, where we arrived soon after. This town possesses neither elegance nor great extent, nor does its local situation recommend it to one who wishes to see places on which the eye may rest with satisfaction. We therefore proceeded to Allen-town, a tolerably handsome town, where we found a very good inn, good liquors, and an obliging landlord, who, "flush'd with a purple grace," showed his honest face. Here we staid upwards of an hour, while our vehicle underwent a repair, it having given way just as we entered the inn-yard. Taverns in town or country seem to be the place of resort for the idle, the inquisitive, and the time-killers. My companion having entered into a conversation with one of the persons present, they discussed the merits of several celebrated horses in the neighbourhood. This being a subject in which I took no interest, because ignorant of its merits and demerits, I retired to a corner, and smoked my cigarr in silent dignity.

We left Allentown at 4, P. M., and rode on briskly twelve miles farther to Cranberry. The road crossed a country which gradually degenerated in point of fertility as we drew nearer to the sea, from which Cranberry is twenty miles distant. This circumstance was evident from the height of the corn, which diminished to a low stature in proportion to the meagreness of the soil, except where sun-burnt and hardy Industry has exerted his arm with more than common assiduity, and assisted skilful Agriculture to draw from the soil more than the usual product. Of this we saw an instance in the person of an old German, who emigrated to Ameri-

ca forty or fifty years ago. His extensive corn fields exhibited a very promising appearance; his possessions were large, he earned them with the sweat of his brow, and with the sweat of his brow still cultivates them; and such is the power of habit, that he still employs himself with as much assiduity as when he only claimed the usual quantity of land which generally, at some period or other, falls to the lot of man.

We stopped a few moments at the door of the temporary summer residence of the celebrated C—— T——. It is a farm house, owned by captain M——, who is said to be the first person who obtained a commission to cruise against the British during the American revolution, in which he was uncommonly fortunate. C—— T—— has a charming family. I should have been glad to have stayed to converse with a lovely girl, his daughter, who stood (observing the strangers) under a tree near the house, modestly shrinking from a nearer approach, while the remainder of the family stood around our vehicle, conversing with my fellow-traveller. I gazed at her as much as I dared; for, whenever I turned my eyes towards her, I met her's naturally enough directed towards our conveyance; I would have said *towards me*, but, with all my vanity, I could not flatter myself I was the object of her attention. "I would much rather stay here, charming creature," whispered Inclination; but stubborn, uncomplying Necessity, in a surly tone, said, "Proceed." I was compelled to obey.

At Cranberry I passed the evening with Mr. C—— and family, consisting of himself, his wife, two sons, and as many daughters. They are well-bred and intelligent, and time passed away unperceived in their society. They very politely offered me the use of their house during my stay, which I did not accept, but retired to an adjoining inn, where I slept as soundly as though I had lain on a bed of down, though the one I occupied was none of the softest.

Next morning, I took a seat in the stage for South Amboy ferry. For six miles we had a pleasant ride. We then entered upon a region of sand and sterility, till we reached Spotswood, a town very pleasantly situated at the head of South river, ten miles from Cranberry. Here the eye reposed with delight on some flourishing corn-fields and beautiful clover. South river head lay on our right, and spread a broad sheet of water; the view fringed with trees and verdure. During the remainder of our journey, we scarcely saw more houses than we travelled miles: it was truly a region of sand and sterility; the horses laboured hard to draw the stage-coach along a road where the wheels sunk nearly up the hubs in sand, though we had very few passengers. These were, a plain young woman of Philadelphia; an elderly lady of the same place, who talked a great deal on a great many subjects, and talked pretty well. Her bold and forward manners, however, disgusted me. A third was a foreign sailor, who had very little Neptunian roughness, the driver, myself, and a French mulatto woman. All this I ought to have told you before; but objects crowd so upon my mind, that I am glad to commit them to paper as fast as I can. You must not, therefore, look for great regularity in the arrangement of the subjects of my communications.

I have already told you of the sandiness of the roads. The country was in a great degree a savage one, if being little cultivated can justify the term. Our journey was lonely and solitary; we scarcely saw or heard even a bird: they probably had sought the shady covert, to shelter them from the intensity of the heat. On either side of the road lay a forest of stunted pines, oak, and others, perhaps, with which I am not acquainted, greatly encumbered with underwood. Occasionally we saw some fertile patches, which nourished a grove of flourishing hickory, while here and there (to use a vulgar phrase) a venerable chesnut ex-

tended his brawny arms over the junior sons of the forest, and spread a deep shade over the narrow road; as we travelled which, the branches of the low trees which bordered it, very obligingly, though somewhat roughly, beat off the muschetoës from our faces, with which we were much incommoded. Below, among the underwood, we saw a great many huckleberries, and sometimes the prickly pear with its bristly circle pierced the scorching sand.

On this road I saw the potters baking a kiln of stone-ware, which operation I much wished to see performed; but this was impossible, without detaining the stage-coach.

We soon after reached South Amboy ferry, a place sufficiently dreary and miserable in itself to give a traveller the *blue devils*. The ferry house stands a few hundred yards from the river Raritan, on a sandy shore, intermingled with the remains of sea shells, and a little stunted grass. On the opposite side of the river, at the distance of perhaps a mile, lay Perth Amboy, a very beautiful town, situated on a rising ground, upon a point of land formed by the union of Raritan river with Arthur-Hull sound, in a charming country, and commanding a rich and extensive prospect. With the assistance of a good spy-glass, which was obtained by I know not what means from our surly host, I plainly saw a great number of waggons on the opposite shore, whose drivers were employed, as I was told, in gathering shell-fish. Higher up was the town of Perth Amboy, the trees intermingled with the houses giving it a smiling appearance; rich fields of corn succeeded, and deeper shaded trees formed a fine back-ground to the picture. The land on that side of the river appeared to great advantage; it is neither high nor low, but consisted of a pleasing succession of undulating variety. On the same side is the sound, further on, in the same direction, Staten island, and, at a great distance apparently, Sandy Hook, with its lighthouse, which was succeeded by the

sea, bounded only by the circling horizon. On the South Amboy side, on the right, I saw the highlands of Never Sink, capped with a gloomy mist, which, contrasted with the dark foliage of the trees with which they are covered, gave them an interesting, and, united with the surrounding objects, a magnificent appearance.

By good fortune we were not compelled to remain here longer than while we dined on a substantial dinner, furnished by a landlord whose stern and snarling countenance evidently denoted the ill-bred, unfeeling wretch we found him. I had been told that common fame had marked him as a savage; but my informant added, that it was only necessary to treat him politely to ensure a similar return. I therefore plied him with more than *my* wonted politeness; but I might as well have saved myself the trouble, for it was all wasted: his very features were impressed with the stamp of forbidding and unbending surliness; nor do I think he could have assumed a pleasant appearance had he attempted it. Notwithstanding all my endeavours to make him relax a little, I received nothing but short and laconic answers to every inquiry I made; nor were my fellow-travellers more successful. We were therefore not sorry when we were summoned to the packet which was to convey us to New York, the master of which, fearing a storm, set sail against wind and tide. The vessel heeled so much that it was not in my power to stand on the deck. I therefore seated myself near the cabin windows, and through them enjoyed a very fine prospect of the apparently ever-changing objects receding from my view. Finding myself much affected by the motion of the vessel, I reeled, like a man in a state of intoxication, supporting myself by laying hold of every stationary object which presented itself, to the entrance of the cabin, where I supported myself with my hands; while the ladies remained below, sick, except one young brave spirit,

who stood by my side during the greater part of the passage.

The honest tar, after singing himself weary, laid himself down on one of the cabin seats, and fell asleep, rock'd

In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,

which were now abroad, and vex'd the spreading bosom of the main. Meanwhile, my sensations were not of the most pleasant nature, as far as they related to my present convenience and enjoyment. The vessel lay constantly with her gunwale in the water; the waves frequently broke over her bow, and wetted me where I stood. However, after I had overcome the disagreeable physical sensations this motion had occasioned, I enjoyed much pleasure in observing the appearance of the sea, which was considerably agitated. I could see the waves rolling along at a great distance, doubling over and beating down each other, and lifting their curling and snowy summits to the view, while frequently a large one could be seen, on the starboard side, rolling towards us in a threatening manner; sometimes spending its fury before it reached the vessel, and giving way to another; at others, breaking against her, sent her lee side under water, sprinkling me plentifully with its spray, and compelling me to hold firmly to the cabin door, to preserve my position. The effect, however, was agreeable. The constant succession of waves pursuing each other, their curling and foaming tops, forming, apparently, so many patches of snow on the green surface of the sea, continually rising in various places, their monotonous dashing, the noise of the wind, and that of the vessel rapidly cutting her white path through the water, the view of a dark and threatening sky, altogether produced a very sublime effect.

The distant prospect was fine and picturesque beyond my powers of description, or any thing I have ever seen. On our left lay the beautiful

shores of Staten island, rising from the sea like—I was going to make a comparison, but I know of nothing which it resembles. The land is considerably elevated, not regularly, presenting an uninterrupted, unbroken cliff to the sea, but rising, in many places, gradually from the shore, some of the lower parts exhibiting the sandy beach; in others, rising abruptly from the water's edge, covered with trees and verdure from their feet to their summits; the whole presenting every variety of colour which light and shade, grove and field, corn and farm-house, roads, &c., could produce, in pleasing succession, forming a most delightful landscape.

We were now, I think, eight or ten miles from the ferry, and about four from Staten island. Long island lay right a-head; on our star-board quarter, the highlands; and, just in sight, Sandy Hook, about twenty miles off, nearly a-head, the sea bounded by a lowering and gloomy sky. Eight or ten vessels were sailing to and from New York. Of some we only saw the tops of the masts: gradually they rose out of the water, and exposed all above it to view. The wind and tide were now in our favour. The motion of the vessel, though rapid, was regular, and permitted our remaining on deck. We were now in the narrows, and had a view of the hospital and quarantine-ground, where several vessels lay at anchor; on our right, the breakers, which here guard Long island, Governor's island, with its fort, &c.; Long island, with its beautiful shores, its groves, fields, and farm-houses: these have a better appearance than any I have seen. They are principally of wood, painted, with light Spanish brown, up to where the roof commences, from thence with white, which affords a pleasing variety to the scene. Lastly, New York, which now appeared in full view, about nine miles distant, presenting no object particularly prominent, except five steeples.

The whole voyage presents the

passenger with very beautiful and picturesque scenery; yet how much more gratification would it not have afforded me, had it been gilded with the parting rays of a bright setting sun, or, as it was, my satisfaction would have been heightened, had the master of the packet resembled, even in a moderate degree, a gentleman; but he was, without exception, the most surly and morose animal I ever met with. I did not ask him many questions, as I soon found I should obtain none but laconic and reluctant answers. Wishing to converse with some person acquainted with the surrounding objects, of whom I might obtain the name of every place I saw, and to whom I might communicate my observations, I began a conversation with a young man who belonged to the vessel. At first I found him scarcely less surly than the master; but, shortly after, his brow relaxed a little of its severity, and he answered my questions as well as he was able.

We were now near New York, which does not appear to so much advantage from the water as Philadelphia. Notwithstanding many fine buildings are seen, yet they appear to be confusedly crowded together, in consequence of the deviations which the course of the streets describe from a straight line, and hide the divisions of the square. Here are few or no lofty poplars seen overtopping the houses, and forming those enchanting green avenues, giving the city a romantic appearance, which we witness at Philadelphia, from the terminations of the streets, and which I so greatly admire. However, prejudice may play its part, perhaps, in swaying the judgment in this, as well as in other cases: persons inhabiting neither of these places may not all think that trees are beneficial to a city, and add to its beauty: but such is my opinion, let it be founded on what it may.

Scarcely had I landed, after a passage of three hours, before it began to rain, and I found myself in a

strange place, without knowing where I should find shelter for the night. I proceeded up the street at the extremity of which I landed, and, of the first person I saw who had a decent appearance, inquired where I could find a respectable boarding house. "Why," said he, pausing and seeming to examine whether my dress gave me a claim to respectability, "there are many, do you wish a very respectable one?" "Sir," said I, "I am a stranger, and am only desirous of residing with decent people during a short stay in New York." "Well," said he, "there is a respectable one at No. —, — street; I call it respectable," added he smiling, "because I lodge there myself." "You do right to call it so for that reason," I replied, bowing and smiling in my turn, and, wishing him a pleasant walk, hastened to the place to which I had been directed, and like it so well that I intend remaining here during my stay.

After tea, I walked through a part of the city, and fairly lost myself. It has, at least some parts of it, a very brilliant appearance in the evening, particularly Broadway. The shops are mostly open and very handsomely lighted, which gives them an air of great splendour. There appear to be many handsome walks here, at least they appear so at night. Opposite to my lodgings stand two houses which were built towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century, as I am informed by the *iron date* annexed to the wall. They are certainly uncouth enough, and are built with the gable end fronting the street; from that part of it where the roof commences, a man might walk up the wall to the peak of the roof with tolerable safety, the mason having kindly built it so as to form steps of about ten inches in height. They were probably once thought handsome, but tastes are *strangely altered*, and the taste in which they were built was probably the taste of a Dutchman. I am growing weary, my pen is abominable, it is the only one in the house,

and there is no knife near me to repair it: my two sheets of paper are as full as they can hold; I have just room to tell you I am yours affectionately.

Adieu.

For the Literary Magazine.

DEFENCE OF MACHIAVEL.

IT is well known, that, although Machiavel has ever been considered by the *profanum vulgus* (which, in this instance, comprehends the learned as well as the unlettered rabble) as the impudent unblushing advocate of monarchical tyranny, in all its extravagance of cruelty, oppression, and perfidy, yet some few penetrating spirits have suspected that the real object of his most celebrated book, *The Prince*, was diametrically opposite to its ostensible one; that the author intended, when he laid down for absolute princes those execrable and most diabolical maxims by which alone he contended they could preserve their power in its integrity, to exhibit before the people, not an idol for their adoration, but a monster, exposed with all his hideousness, from which they must shrink with horror and detestation.

Those who are acquainted with the history of Florence will not ask why Machiavel should conceal his principles under a veil of irony, which was almost impenetrable; Machiavel was deeply involved in the conspiracy, as it is usually called, of the Soderini, by which, in the year 1494, the three sons of the great Lorenzo de' Medici, Piero, who succeeded his father in the government of Florence, and his two brothers, Giovanni and Giuliano, were proclaimed enemies to their country, and obliged to flee from its just vengeance. In the year 1512, the family of the Medici were restored by the powerful assistance of pope Julius II, and of Ferdinand, king of Spain: Lorenzo de' Medici, the

eldest son of the deceased Piero, assumed the reins of government, when, as is usual in such cases, all those who had held offices under the republic were removed; and the unfortunate Machiavel, with an unshaken fortitude, underwent the ignominy and the pains of torture, which were inflicted on him for the vain purpose of procuring information relative to the actors in the conspiracy.

It was under the reign of this Lorenzo, who died a victim to his debaucheries, that Machiavel wrote his *Prince*: this circumstance may account at once for the satire and the secrecy of it.

His "Vindication of Himself and his Writings against the Imputation of Impiety, Atheism, and other high Crimes; extracted from his Letter to his Friend Zenobius," was written, it seems, at the pressing importunity of his friend Zenobio Buondelmonte, and Guilio Salviati, who were desirous that Machiavel should wipe off the many aspersions which were cast upon his writings. "I have yielded (said he) to the entreaty of Guilio, and the rest of that company*, for that I esteem it a duty to clear that excellent society from the scandal of having so dangerous and pernicious a person to be a member of their conversation: for, by reason of my age, and since the loss of my liberty, and my sufferings under that monster of lust and cruelty, Alexander de' Medici, set over us by the divine vengeance for our sins, I can be capable of no other design or enjoyment than to delight and be delighted in the company of so many choice and virtuous persons, who now assemble themselves with all security under the happy and hopeful reign of our new prince Cosimo: but, that I may avoid the loquacity incident to old men, I will come to the business: if I remember well, the

exceptions that are taken to these poor things I have published are reducible to three: 1. That in all my writings I insinuate my great affection to the democratical government, even so much so, as to undervalue that of monarchy in respect of it; which last I do, not obscurely, in many passages teach, and, as it were, persuade the people to throw off. 2. Next, that in some places I vent very great impieties, slighting and vilifying the church as author of all the misgovernment in the world, and, by such contempt, make way for atheism and profaneness. 3. Lastly, that in my book of 'The Prince,' I teach monarchs all the execrable villanies that can be invented, and instruct them how to break faith, and to oppress and to enslave their subjects."

It is curious to mark the inconsistency of the first and third of these accusations: in the former Machiavel is charged with favouring democracy, and in the latter with teaching monarchs how to break their faith, and to oppress and enslave their subjects! This is really cutting with a two-edged sword.

The charges are separately repelled: to the first he replies with a protestation, "that the animating of *private* men, either directly or indirectly, to disobey, much less to shake off any government, how despotical soever, was never in his thoughts or writings."—"Yet (he continues) that I may not answer this imputation barely by denying, I shall assert, in this place, what my principles are in that which the world calls rebellion, which I believe to be not only a rising in arms against any government we live under, but acknowledge that word to extend to all clandestine conspiracies too, by which the peace and quiet of any country may be interrupted, and by consequence the lives and estates of innocent persons endangered. Rebellion then, so described, I hold to be the greatest crime that can be committed among men, both against policy, morality, and *in foro conscientia*; but, notwithstanding all this,

* That party of friends, probably, who were in the habit of meeting at the house of Cosimin Rucellai, and of discoursing on topics of literature and policy.

it is an offence which will be committed whilst the world lasts, as often as princes tyrannize, and, by enslaving and oppressing their subjects, make magistracy, which was intended for the benefit of mankind, prove a plague and destruction to it; for, let the terror and the guilt be ever so great, it is impossible that human nature, which consists of passion as well as virtue, can support with patience and submission the greatest cruelty and injustice, whenever either the weakness of their princes, the unanimity of the people, or any other favourable accident, shall give them reasonable hopes to mend their condition, or provide better for their own interest, by insurrection."

Machiavel then proceeds to recommend the exercise of clemency and moderation to princes, and that they should return to that excellent maxim of the ancients, 'that the interest of kings and of their people is the same,' "which truth (continues he) it has been the whole design of my writings to convince them of.

"Now, having gone thus far in the description of rebellion, I think myself obliged to tell you, what I conceive not to be rebellion. Whosoever, then, takes arms to maintain the politic constitution or government of his country, in the condition it then is, I mean, to defend it from being changed or invaded by the craft or force of any man (although it be the prince or chief magistrate himself), provided that such taking up of arms be commanded or authorized by those who are, by the order of that government, legally entrusted with the custody of the liberty of the people, and foundation of the government; this I hold to be so far from rebellion, that I believe it laudable; nay, the duty of every member of such commonwealth; for he who fights to support and defend the government he was born and lives under cannot deserve the odious name of rebel, but he who endeavours to destroy it; if this be not

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granted, it will be in vain to frame any mixed government in the world."

Machiavel, doubtless, when he bore so conspicuous a part in the revolution which expelled the Medici from Florence, and afterwards, when, as it was strongly suspected, he was involved in the unsuccessful attempt to destroy cardinal Guilio de' Medici (afterwards pope Clement VII), who had assumed the government of Florence, in the minority of that "monster of lust and cruelty," Alexander, considered himself as justifiably defending from the craft or force of the chief magistrate "the politic constitution of his country."

One cannot avoid remarking, in this place, that the sentiments of Machiavel, on the subject of resistance to constituted authorities, appear to be similar to, if not exactly the same, with those laid down by sir William Blackstone, in his Commentaries on the Laws of England: the more sensible nerves of the latter, indeed, tremble at the bare contemplation of such a resistance on the part of the people in defence of their invaded liberties; he acknowledges both the right and the necessity of such resistance in extreme cases, however, in very unequivocal terms. "All oppression (says Blackstone, b. I, ch. 7), which may happen to spring from any branch of the sovereign power, must necessarily be out of the reach of any *stated rule* or *express legal* provision; but if ever they unfortunately happen, the prudence of the times must provide new remedies upon new emergencies. Indeed, it is found by experience (continues he, almost in the words of Machiavel), that whenever the unconstitutional oppressions, even of the sovereign power, advance with gigantic strides, and threaten desolation to a state, mankind will not be reasoned out of the feelings of humanity, nor will sacrifice their liberty by scrupulous adherence to those political maxims which were

originally established to preserve it." Again:—"In these therefore, or other circumstances (referring to those which produced the expulsion of James II), which a fertile imagination may furnish, since both law and history are silent, it becomes us to be silent too, leaving to future generations, whenever necessity and the safety of the whole shall require it, the exertions of those inherent, though latent powers of society, which no climate, no time, no constitution, no contract, can ever destroy or diminish."

These writers probably agree (such incroachments of the sovereign power being "necessarily out of the reach of any *stated rule or express legal provision*," and therefore the people having no other remedy than arms), that since it would be of ill-consequence, to use the words of Machiavel, "to make every private man judge when the rights of the people are invaded, which would be apt to produce frequent, and sometimes causeless, tumults; therefore it had been the great wisdom of the founders of most monarchies, to appoint guardians to their liberty, which, if it be not otherwise expressed, is and ought to be understood to reside in the estates of the country," &c. It does not appear, however, from this passage, to have once entered into the imagination of Machiavel, that these estates themselves might possibly conspire against that public liberty of which they are appointed the protectors: sir W. Blackstone seems to have had his suspicions more alive, when he speaks of "the oppressions which may spring from *any branch* of the sovereign power."

But it is time that we should come to Machiavel's vindication of himself against the second charge, namely, that of "impiety in vilifying the church, and of so making way for atheism." It appears, that in the fifteenth century, as well as in the eighteenth, the man who dared dissent from the established religion of his country was branded with the

opprobrious charge of atheism: Machiavel, a Florentine, avowed his abhorrence of popery, a religion, whose influence he considered as corruptive of the morals, and fatal to the liberties, of man. He defends himself from this second accusation by admitting the premises, and denying the consequences; that is to say, by maintaining (a task in which there was not much difficulty) that in charging the church of Rome, not only with all the misgovernment of Christendom, but even with the depravation, and almost total destruction, of the christian religion itself throughout Italy, he neither taught men impiety, nor made way for atheism.

The tone of this justification is not the most conciliating in the world: it has some humour, but contains a great deal of most bitter sarcasms against the church of Rome; the following is a sufficient specimen: "I shall conclude this discourse, after I have said a word of the most hellish of all the innovations brought in by the popes, which is the clergy: these are a sort of men, under pretence of ministering to the people in holy things, set apart and separated from the rest of mankind, from whom they have a very distinct, and a very opposite, interest, by a human ceremony, called by a divine name, viz. ordination; these, wherever they are found, with the whole body of the monks and friars, who are called the regular clergy, make a band which may be called the janizaries of the papacy; these have been the causes of all the solecisms and immoralities in government, and of all the impieties and abominations in religion; and, by consequence, of all the disorder, villany, and corruption we suffer under this detestable age; these men, by the bishop of Rome's help, have crept into all the governments of Christendom, where there is any mixture of monarchy, and made themselves a third estate; that is, have, by their temporalities, which are almost a third part of all the land in Europe, given

them by the blind zeal, or rather folly, of the northern people who overran this part of the world, stepped into the throne; and what they cannot perform by these secular helps, and by the dependency their vassals have upon them, they fail not to claim and to usurp by the power they pretend to have from God, and his viceregent at Rome."

"I now come to the last branch of my charge; which is, that I teach princes villany, and how to enslave and oppress their subjects. If any man will read over my book of the Prince, with impartiality and ordinary charity, he will easily perceive, that it is not my intention therein to recommend that government or those men there described to the world, much less to teach men to trample upon good men; and all that is sacred and venerable upon earth, laws, religion, honesty, and what not; if I have been a little too punctual in describing these monsters, and drawn them to the life in all their limits and colours, I hope mankind will know them the better, to avoid them; my treatise being both a satire against them, and a true character of them.

"Whoever in his empire is tied to no other rules than those of his own will and lust, must either be a saint or else a very devil incarnate; or, if he be neither of these, both his life and his reign are like to be very short; for whosoever takes upon him so execrable an employment as to rule men against the laws of nature and reason, must turn all topsy-turvy, and never stick at any thing; for, if once he halt, he will fall, and never rise again, &c. And so I bid you farewell."

Here then, in very plain terms, Machiavel states the object he had in view, when he wrote that work which has called forth the noble indignation of many a patriotic writer who did not perceive the author's intention: the veil, however, was certainly seen through by Rousseau, who, in his "Social Contract," has the following passage:—"Machiavel était un

honnête homme, et un bon citoyen; mais, attaché à la maison de Medici, il était forcé, dans l'oppression de sa patrie, de déguiser son amour pour la liberté. Le choix seul de son execrable héros manifeste assez son intention secrète; et l'opposition des maximes de son livre du Prince à celles de ses Discours sur Tite Live, et de son Histoire de Florence, démontre que ce profond politique n'a eu jusqu'ici que des lectures superficiels ou corrompus." L. III. C. 6.

The following passage in Bacon, so often quoted on this occasion, evidences that that profound philosopher saw the real drift of the Florentine secretary: "*Est quod gratias agamus Machiavello, et hujusmodi scriptoribus qui aperte et indissimulanter proferunt quid homines facere soleant, non quid debeant,*" *De Augment. Scient. Lib. VII, Cap. 2, Fol. 397.* Harrington, Clarendon, and many other writers of celebrity, have suspected that Machiavel wanted to throw a deadly odium upon monarchy. His character and works have been very ably defended by a writer in the Cabinet, vol. III.

The elegant historian of Lorenzo the Magnificent is not convinced by the apologists of Machiavel, and treats his character with a degree of severity unusual to him. After having stated their arguments, and the opinion deduced from them, Mr. Roscoe says:—"Yet it seems impossible to subscribe seriously to this opinion: exclusive of the destructive maxims, which are scattered more or less through all the Florentine secretary's works, perhaps not a single trace of this supposed irony is to be discovered. Numerous as the excellent reflections are in this treatise, it must still be reckoned a most flagitious work, and one at which every virtuous mind must instantly revolt. Nothing is so superb as the genius of Machiavel; nothing appears so horrid as his heart."—"If Machiavel's *Il Principe* had not appeared, we should not have been able to have boasted of the

Anti-Machiavel, the fruit of the youth and solitude of one of the greatest monarchs that have ever reigned. The antidote is so delicious, that even the poison becomes palatable, and we swallow it with eagerness to taste the luscious medicine which counteracts its subtilty." How much more consolatory would have been this reflection, if the mighty monarch had eaten this fruit of his youth and solitude in mature years, and in the season of his activity! If the king of Prussia committed an error in his early years, by writing his Anti-Machiavel, he expiated it by a long life, religiously devoted to plunder, perfidy, and devastation, by giving the lie to his own work; and, when the merciful hand of death had put a stop to his career of ruin, by leaving, as a legacy, in his instructions to general-officers, the art of massacring mankind by the help of treachery, where simple force is ineffectual!

I cannot abstain from quoting one more passage from Mr. Roscoe's highly finished history, because it seems to be strikingly illustrative, not only of Machiavel's real political sentiments, but also of the secret manner by which he was obliged to propagate them, and therefore corroborative of the suspected irony in *Il Principe*:—"Within these few years the Florentine secretary's admirable project for the reformation of the government of Florence by the order of Leo X. has been published for the first time, and his zeal for the liberty and freedom of his country is visible in every page. The outward appearance of sovereignty, with all its attendant pomp and majesty, according to his plan, was to have been wholly vested in the Medici, whilst the real power was *artfully* contrived to rest with the people. Leo X. saw through the design; Machiavel was applauded, but, from that moment, ceased to be consulted." This single fact surely raises Machiavel to an eminence, which no philippic against him will ever be able to reach.

For the Literary Magazine.

AGRICULTURE.

MR. EDITOR,

I REQUEST you will publish the inclosed paper, containing the premiums lately proposed by the Agricultural Society of this city; and I beg leave particularly to direct the attention of our medical gentlemen to the article respecting *veterinary medicine*. It is a source of great thankfulness, that we find so few epidemics among our cattle in the United States; but there are, nevertheless, diseases of great virulence prevalent among them, respecting which our knowledge is extremely partial. The *yellow water* alone has destroyed, since 1792, some thousands of horses in Pennsylvania and Maryland; and, though this disease has been cured by means which I have published in the *Domestic Encyclopaedia**, yet it is of great consequence to multiply facts upon these subjects, and extend our inquiries. In Europe, it is well known, veterinary medicine is studied as a regular science, and the destroyers of mankind have always a regular licensed surgeon to take care of their cavalry. We have, in consequence, many books on the diseases of brute animals, particularly of horses; but we want very much an account of those which more commonly appear at home, with a detail of the remedies which *have* and *have not* been successful: for, although a knowledge of the means of cure would tend greatly to enhance the value of the work, yet good will be done by our being acquainted with the detail of unsuccessful practice, because we shall at least know the diseases, time will be saved by our not attempting to use unavailing remedies, and the field be thereby left open for the trial of other plans of cure.

I also send you an account of an expeditious mode of propagating thorns, by Mr. Taylor, near Manchester, England, which I publish

* See article *Yellows*.

by order of the Agricultural Society. This subject is extremely interesting, in consequence of the increasing scarcity of timber for fences. Twenty years hence, inclosing a farm will be attended with an *enormous expense*; every man, therefore, who intends to leave to a child THE SUBSTANTIAL INHERITANCE OF A FARM, should set about live fences without delay. Should the plan of Mr. Taylor be tried, the society will thankfully receive an account of the result.

I shall in the mean time remark, that there is no occasion to import white thorns from Europe, when our own country abounds with a more hardy species, viz. the pear-leaved thorn (*crataegus pyrifolia**), the superiority of which has been proved by Mr. Montmollin on the Wissahickon road, an account of whose experiments I have before published.

JAMES MEASE.

Philadelphia, Dec. 19, 1806.

Premiums proposed by the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia, for the year 1806. To be continued till any measure, experiment, or practice, now proposed, and commenced in this or the succeeding year, as necessity may require, be brought to sufficient perfection and proof.

1. *Ascertaining the component parts of arable land.*—To the person who shall produce the most satisfactory set of experiments, to ascertain the due proportion of the several component parts of arable land, in one or more of the old counties of this state, by an accurate analysis thereof. A like analysis in detail must also be made of the poorest medium, and richest soils, in the same county or counties. By a due admixture of these soils, or substances within the reach of common farmers, they are by these experiments

* *Mespilus crus galli* of Marshall. See his American Grove, or *Arbustrum Americanum*.—Cruikshank: 1784.

to be enabled to improve, by good tillage, and a course of applicable crops, the poorest or most worn land, with the materials found on their own farms, or those of their neighbours respectively. Lime or limestone, is excluded, its qualities and effects being already well known. But clays, marls, gypsum, and sand, or other natural substances, fall within the meaning of this proposal. The crops, so far as consistent with good husbandry, to be the same after improvement as before, and their relative product to be given. All auxiliary and influencing circumstances to be mentioned; as well as the mode and results of the analysis; and the proportions of the combinations. Artificial manures, after improvement (lime at this stage may be one), may be used, if the like had been before applied; and all the means and circumstances are to be fairly developed. A piece of plate of the value of one hundred dollars.

The object is, not only to promote experiments calculated to improve farms, out of the materials found upon them, and thus save or extend the efficacy of artificial manures, but to excite a spirit of exploration, for fossils, earths, marl, and clays, applicable to agricultural as well as manufacturing purposes. For subterraneous researches, the society have provided a very complete set of boring instruments, with which those who will use them effectually may be accommodated.

2. *Trench ploughing.*—For the greatest quantity and best trench ploughed worn land, not less than five acres. The trenching not less than ten inches deep.

The following mode of trenching is recommended, as being known to be practicable, and easily performed.

1. Provide a light plough, from 12 to 15 inches wide in the hind part of the span or sole, calculated to pare off the sod from 2 to 3 inches deep, according to the depths of the roots of weeds.

2. A strong heavy *trench plough*, capable of turning a depth of firm

8 to 10 inches of mould, or earth. This must be one or two inches narrower than the *paring plough*, or it will cut into the unpared sod. The first is to be drawn by a pair of horses or oxen. The second by two pair of oxen, or strength equivalent. A *trench* must be first made, with the *trench plough*, as deep as practicable. The *paring plough* must then pare the sod off the next intended furrow, and turn it into the trench. The *trench plough* follows, constantly, after the *paring plough*. This throws over a body of earth so as to bury all weeds, which are placed too deep for vegetation, and thus, by rotting, become manure. The mould board of the *trench plough* should have a thin plate of flexible iron (an old stone-saw the best) screwed on its upper edge, *vertically*, so as to extend the surface, and accommodate itself to the curvature of the mould board. With this auxiliary, the loose earth will be completely thrown into the trench. It is otherwise liable to run over, and choke the plough. Both ploughs (the latter the most) require bridles, or cleavasses with notches and curved regulators, to direct and fix both their depth and lateral course. Such are not uncommon. The East Jersey or Low Dutch plan is the best for the *trench plough*. A coulter is not much required.

This operation should be performed in the autumn, and the field lie through the winter, to attract from the air whatever is the food of plants; and to receive the benefits of frequent frosts and thaws. The subsequent ploughing need be no deeper than usual in good tillage. If *limed* the first spring for *Indian corn*, the better it will produce. A fallow crop *only* should succeed the trenching the first year; and *corn* admits and requires frequent stirring and exposure of the soil. For the best experiment, a *gold*, and for the second best, a *silver* medal.

3. *A course on trench-ploughed ground.*—For the best and cleanest course of crops, on not less than five acres of land *trench ploughed*. The

course may be, 1. *Indian corn*. 2. *Legumes*. If beans or peas, of a species least subject to the bug; and sown on the fallow of the 2d year, so as to be off in time for a winter crop of wheat or rye. Broad cast of the legumes as a cover will be preferable; though drilling will be highly useful. Potatoes may occupy a part, and so off in time for wheat. 3. *Clover* sown in the winter grain. 4. *Clover*. This course will be preferred in a competition, unless the society shall be convinced, by the results of another course, that in practice turns out better. Manure admitted; but the best products, with the least artificial manure, will be preferred. A gold medal for the best; and one of silver for the second best experiment.

The object of both the above premiums is, to introduce a practice, found very beneficial where it has been fairly tried; and to place the experiments in the hands of spirited and intelligent agriculturists, who will do complete justice to themselves, and the subject recommended to their exertions.

4. *Cover of leguminous crops.*—For the best and greatest crops of beans, pease, or other *legumes*, of the kind before mentioned, sown broadcast, as covering on fallows, preparatory to winter grain. Not less than five acres, and left clean and fit for wheat. These crops ameliorate, and do not exhaust, like all culmiferous plants, and those whose seeds produce oil. *Oats* the worst and most ruinous to succeeding winter crops.

The object is, to introduce the practice of valuable and improving covering crops, in preference to naked fallows, or exhausting covers. A silver medal or fifty dollars.

5. *Destruction of perennial weeds.*—For the best set of experiments calculated for the destruction of *perennial weeds*. The *daisy* or *May weed*, *ransted*, *garlic*, and *St John's wort*, to be particularly aimed at and noticed. A *botanical account* of the weeds commonly infesting our fields will highly recommend these expe-

riments; and communications relative to all or any of those enumerated, will be gratefully received. This account should specially mark the stages of their growth; and periods when they are the most easily destroyed, by the means employed. *Botanizing*, for the destruction of weeds, is as necessary and laudable as it is for the propagation and culture of useful plants. Nothing promotes the health, increase, and value of the latter, more than expelling the former. *Trench ploughing* is excluded. This has been found to be the surest mode of destroying weeds; especially those with fibrous or bulbous roots. A gold medal.

6. *Dairy*.—To the person who shall exhibit to the society an account of the profits of the best *dairy*, applied to *butter* or *cheese*. Not less than 20 cows. The greatest proportion of cows kept the longest in profit, and the best. Winter feed (economy considered) for carrying the cows productively through the season, enters into the account. The greatest product from an equal number, kept without change (except by substitutions of well bred heifers raised on the farm) through the year, will have the preference. It is to be understood, that changing cows is not to be admitted, unless full proof, on the annual balance of account, that such practice is comparatively the most productive and profitable, when in competition with one predicated on keeping the same set of cows through the year. The same profits from the permanent dairy (unavoidable casualties allowed) will be preferred. It will be commendatory of the pretensions of the claimant, if the account be accompanied with experiments, or practical knowledge of the best sizes, description, breed, and ages of dairy cows.

The object is, to induce an attention to the breed and selection of *dairy cows*. Their points and qualities differ from those proper for breeding beef cattle, or for venders of milk. Much depends, even with the best stock, on regularity and at-

tention in the dairy women. Unless great care in stripping, and regular periods of milking, are practised, as well as cleanliness in keeping, the best cow will soon cease to be in profit. The quality, and not the quantity of milk, is the most important. Nor are the largest the best for the dairy; especially where there are short bites and irregular seasons. A silver medal, or fifty dollars.

7. *Live fences*. For the best experiment on, or practical application of, any species of shrub or tree proper for live fences; and the most economical and practicable mode of securing them, in their early stages of growth, from injury by cattle or other enemies.

The general idea of European agriculturists has been confined on this subject to *thorn* or *quick* enclosures. But these may not be found exclusively the best *here*. On *Long Island*, before the revolution, a very able and spirited proprietor of a large estate there went very extensively into enclosures with *quick-set*, procured not only in this country, but from Europe and elsewhere. He found the *thorn*, of every description, subject to many casualties and diseases; some of them unknown in Europe. Blights injured a great proportion, after they were in sufficient growth for enclosure without protection. It was not frequent that a sound crop of haws was produced; these being subject to the worm, and other impediments to their perfection. Although it is still desirable, that every attention should be paid to the *hawthorn*, it is not improbable that some other of our native shrubs or trees may thrive as well, if not better; and equal the *thorn* in utility. The object therefore is, to promote inquiries and experiments that shall determine this point. The *walnut*, the *apple*, the *honey*, the *white flowering* and the *thorn locust*, have been tried, on a small scale. Each has its peculiar disadvantages. The white mulberry has also been recommended.

Live fences are of such high im-

portance, in our old settlements, where the timber is daily decreasing, and the expence of enclosure becoming so very serious, that the society cannot sufficiently express their wishes, that some spirited and extensive measures may, without loss of time, be commenced on this momentous subject. The present generation may receive incalculable advantages from successful experiment and practice, in a desideratum so eminently interesting to them. But posterity will bless the memory of those, of whose genius and labours they enjoy the fruits. They will gratefully feel the benefits of durable enclosures, commenced, if even not entirely perfected, in our day: and, while they inherit these safeguards to their property, they will perceive the insurmountable difficulties to which they would have been exposed, by a neglect on our part to establish and provide them.

A gold or silver medal, according to the merit and extent of the experiment or practice.

8. *Clearing and cropping new lands.*—For the best essay, practical and theoretical, founded on experience and facts, as well as calculation and investigation, of the most approved and beneficial mode of clearing and cultivating new settlements, in an unseated, and heretofore uninhabited part of this state, or one in its neighbourhood. A gold medal.

The practice heretofore used of *girdling* trees, can only be justified by the necessity of doing it, through want of labourers, by those who first enter a wilderness. But if lands are inviting, population soon encreases, and yet the practice of girdling the timber continues. One part is *girdled* after another, without foresight or precaution. Timber is wantonly, because lavishly and unnecessarily destroyed; and becomes in a few years scarce, where its abundance was at first accounted a burthen. *Culmiferous crops* (plants composed of straw and chaffy husks for the grain) follow one another in uninterrupted succession, the worst of all bad husbandry. These are "*stubbled*

in" (the phrase of new settlers) till the land is exhausted, and produces nothing but *sorrel* and other execrable vegetation. The timber rots and falls, sometimes dangerously to men and cattle. It is burnt and destroyed, when the field, after a useless waste of time, is cropped again. Fencing, fuel, building, implements, &c., call for timber, but it is distant or gone. The field is choked with briars, worthless shrubs, and other pests, and its cultivation is generally more expensive than if well cleared originally, and occupied by wholesome and productive crops, either of grain or grass.

Many of us are interested in new lands, and all of us, from public motives, wish to introduce a better style of clearing and cropping into our new countries. Information from several new settlements, particularly some in the state of New York, is favourable to a far better plan, of both clearing and cropping. It is, to till less ground, cleared perfectly; and crop, according to circumstances, as near as practicably to the rules of good husbandry. Labourers are not there in greater plenty than elsewhere in such settlements; and yet the settlers succeed and thrive.

Our object is, therefore, to obtain and promulgate every species of information; and thereby be enabled to recommend and encourage better modes of clearing, and a more advantageous, as well as reputable style of husbandry, in our new countries.

There are in these countries many intelligent citizens, who may, and it is hoped will assist in both example and investigation. But some of these have not correct ideas on this subject. They conceive that the art of husbandry, for the most part, consists in restoring, or creating fertility, which in new lands is the gift of nature. But the fact is, that fertility without good management, like a savage in power and subject to no civilized regulation, as often exerts itself mischievously as profitably. It frequently

ruins by desultory and misapplied operations. Weeds, and other worthless products, are its offspring. These, in many cases, might be prevented, destroyed, or converted into benefits, with well directed systems. To instance only the *sorrel*, apparently the most mischievous and forbidding: it has been found that, with *lime*, it may be made a powerful and efficient auxiliary to profitable crops, and, when judiciously applied, is known in Europe to be so valuable, that the sorrel is propagated for its uses in husbandry. Lime-stone is found abundantly in most of our new lands, or, at least, in very extensive districts. Careful experiments may point out the mode of liming lands overrun by this apparent pest, so as to destroy its bad qualities, and convert it to salutary and profitable purposes. If this be not now deemed eligible in parts where land is less valuable than labour, it will nevertheless be an object ere long, when the products of land are unattainable, without combinations of labour with ingenuity, good management, and appropriate systems of husbandry.

9. *Veterinary essay and plan.*—For the best *essay and plan* for promoting *veterinary* knowledge and instruction, both scientifically and practically, *under the circumstances of our country*. Aid to schools and establishments for this, among other agricultural purposes, ought to be given by the national and state legislatures. But *agriculture*, and the subjects connected with it, have not heretofore been cherished by their patronage. Her younger sister, *commerce*, has fortunately fascinated with contributions to revenue, and thereby secured protection and encouragement. But private and individual exertions, for the accomplishment of agricultural objects, must, from necessity, be resorted to, for public benefits derived from this primary source of all the wealth and prosperity we enjoy. Some of the most worthy and truly respectable governments, and many of the most eminent men, in Europe, have

deemed the object here recommended, honourable, politic, and promotive of the public interest and prosperity. While agriculturists are employed in the production of *plants*, their stocks of useful *animals* are abandoned, when diseased, to all the calamities attendant on ignorance of their maladies, or cure. Pretenders and empirics, of the most contemptible characters, prey on the necessities and credulity of those who are compelled to apply to them on this subject.

The essay proposed should, among other requisites, be calculated to rouse the attention of medical professors to this important branch of neglected knowledge. It should convince them, that they cannot employ themselves, in any part of their studies, in a manner more conducive to *real* respectability of character, than in gaining and promulgating information, so intimately connected with the wealth and political economy of their country. This society pledge themselves to distinguish, with some testimony of their gratitude, any medical professor who will assist them in calling the attention of students to this very interesting subject.

Investigations into *anatomy*, *diseases* and *remedies*, for the preservation and improvement of animals, on which our subsistence and comforts so materially depend, must assuredly be considered worthy the most patient inquiry, intelligent observation, and professional talents, of the most celebrated among those who have devoted themselves to medical pursuits. As patriots, it should stimulate their public spirit. As professional men, nothing can more entitle them to the rewards due to their labours. Who is there among the most respectable of our own citizens, or in the highest grades of society in the old world, who has not deemed it meritorious to promote the interests of agriculture? And is there any branch of that occupation so important, as that now recommended to the notice and inquiry of medical men? If it

has held an inferior rank in the classification of science and knowledge, it is entirely owing to the unmerited neglect with which it has been unaccountably treated. It is time it should be rescued from obscurity, and placed among the most commendable and necessary branches of medical education. A gold medal.

10. *Domestic or household manufactures.*—For the best and greatest quantity and quality of woollen, cotton, or linen fabrics, made in any family, by the members thereof. Wearing, fulling, and dressing, may be done as usual, in the accustomed modes of performing these operations. The object is, to encourage industry in the families of farmers and others, at times when leisure from other occupations permits. Such intervals are too often filled up with dissipation, or suffered to pass away in indolent waste or inattention. The materials being raised or produced on the farm, will entitle to preference in a competition. The breed of sheep, and quality of wool, will be peculiarly commendatory. A silver medal.

Although the society have principally confined their premiums to honorary distinctions, they will always be ready to commute them for, or add pecuniary reward to assist in expensive or difficult experiments. Our funds are far below our zeal; but the former are not of so much moment as energies excited by emulation, among those who have strong propensities to benefit their country, while they are labouring for themselves. Without the co-operation of our fellow-citizens of this description, all our well-meant endeavours are vain.

Rules respecting claims.—All claims of prizes shall be sent in writing; and, when read, the society shall determine which of the claims, relative to each prize, shall be selected for their definitive judgment, on a future comparison. This judgment is to be given at the stated meeting on the second Tuesday in February. If it happen, in any case, that there be no competition for a

prize, but only a single claim, the society will consider such claim; and if the claim or claims be supported answerably to the views and just expectations of the society, the prize proposed shall be decreed. Premiums and prizes are equally due to persons residing in any of the United States, according to the merit of their respective exhibitions.

RICHARD PETERS, *president*.

JAMES MEASE, M. D. *secretary*,
No. 192, *Chesnut-street*, to whom
communications may be sent.

In the year 1801, I had occasion to purchase a quantity of thorns, and finding them very dear, I was determined to try some experiments, in order if possible to raise them at a less expence. I tried to propagate them from cuttings of the branches, but with little or no success. I likewise tried if pieces of the root would grow; and I cut from the thorns that I had purchased about a dozen of such roots as pleased me, and planted them in a border along with those I had bought. To my great astonishment, not one of them died; and in two years they became as good thorns as the average of those I had purchased. The thorns I purchased were three years old when I got them. In April, 1802, I had occasion to move a fence, from which I procured as many roots of thorns as made me upwards of two thousand cuttings, of which I did not lose five in the hundred. In the spring of 1803, I likewise planted as many cuttings of thorn roots as I could get. In 1804, I did the same; and this year I shall plant many thousands.

The method of raising the thorns from roots of the plant, is as follows:

I would advise every farmer to purchase a hundred or a thousand thorns, according to the size of his farm, and plant them in his orchard or garden, and, when they have attained the thickness of my three year old specimens, which is the size I always prefer for planting in fences, let him take them up and

prune the roots in the manner I have pruned the specimen sent you*, from which he will upon an average get ten or twelve cuttings from each plant, which is as good as thorns of the same thickness; so that you will easily perceive, that in three years he will have a succession of plants fit for use, which he may, if he pleases, increase tenfold every time he takes them up.

The spring (say in all April) is the best time to plant the cuttings, which must be done in rows half a yard asunder; and about four inches from each other in the row; they ought to be about four inches long, and planted with the top one-fourth of an inch out of the ground, and well fastened; otherwise they will not succeed so well.

The reason why I prefer spring to autumn for planting the roots, is, that were they to be planted in autumn, they would not have got sufficient hold of the ground before the frost set in, which would raise them all from the ground; and, if it did not entirely destroy the plants, would oblige the farmer to plant them afresh.

I have attached the produce of my three year old specimen to the plants it came from, cut in the way I always practise; on the thick end of the root I make two, and on the other end one, cut, by which means the proper end to be planted uppermost, which is the thick one, may easily be known.

Although I recommend the roots to be planted in April, yet the farmer may, where he pleases, take up the thorns he may want, and put the roots he has pruned off into sand or mould, where they will keep until he has leisure to cut them into proper lengths for planting; he will likewise keep them in the same way until planted.

The great advantage of my plan is: first, that in case any one has

* Specimens of the pruned roots were sent to the Society of Arts, in London, from whose volume this paper is extracted.

raised from haws a thorn with remarkable large prickles of vigorous growth, or possessing any other qualifications requisite to make a good fence, he may propagate it far better and sooner, from roots, than any other way. Secondly, in three years he may raise from roots a better plant than can in six years be raised from haws, and with double the quantity of roots; my three year old specimen would have been half as big again, had I not been obliged to move all my cuttings the second year after they were planted.

It would not be a bad way, in order to get roots, to plant a hedge in any convenient place, and on each side trench the ground two yards wide, and two grafts deep; from which every two or three years, a large quantity of roots might be obtained, by trenching the ground over again, and cutting away what roots were found, which would all be young and of a proper thickness. I do not like them of a larger size than the specimens sent.

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON THE POPULATION, CULTURE, AND PRODUCTS OF LOUISIANA.

(Ascribed to D. Clark, Esq.)

AS many erroneous ideas are entertained, in the distant parts of the United States, respecting the salubrity of this country, which has been decried by ignorance and malevolence; and as the advantages which the farmers and planters possess over those of any other quarter of the world, and many other particulars respecting this new acquisition to the United States, are but little known, I have taken some pains to procure information, the result of which I communicate to you. The statements here offered, being made under the eye of those who have immediate opportunities of correcting any errors or misrepresentations

which might find place in them, will, I hope, carry conviction to those for whose benefit they are intended, and cause at least an impartial eye to be turned to a country, which affords resources to the farmers and planters of other parts, almost too great to arrest belief.

With respect to climate and salubrity, few have given themselves the trouble of making much inquiry, but have founded their belief on the reports of seamen, boatmen, or the travellers who have passed rapidly through our country, and, without a knowledge of the language, without the means, or perhaps the desire, of obtaining just information, spread, wherever they went, the horrid tale of sickness and death, which their distorted imaginations always presented to them. These tales acquired belief, by reason of our southern climate, our low country, and immense collection of waters, without reflecting that other causes may have combined to guard us from their ill effects. What these causes are, independent of the excellence and purity of the water, I must leave to the learned who may investigate them to determine. I content myself with the fact, and, to prove it, submit the following statements of our population and mortality in the city and county of New Orleans, and three adjoining counties, which occupy a space of 150 miles on both sides of the river, from the fort of Plaquemine, near the sea, to Manchac, at the upper end of the island of Orleans.

These counties have always been looked on as the most unhealthy of the territory, from being the lowest and most exposed to damps and exhalations. The period I have chosen, viz.: from the first of August, 1805, to the first of August, 1806, is that in which the country parts are known to be the most unhealthy, on account of the excessive and continual rains in the autumn, which causes an unusual number of fevers, and the remarkable cold and severe winter, which suddenly followed, equally caused a more than ordinary num-

ber of pleurisies, and other disorders. I therefore believe, that no one acquainted with Louisiana, will hesitate to say, that the statement would be erroneous, only in supposing, that an equal number of deaths had always occurred during a like period, or that they bore the same ratio to the births and population in the other districts of Louisiana.

To bring this matter in a clear light before the eye of strangers, I first annex the population of the parts treated of from the latest returns, premising, however, that many of them are considerably underrated, that they may afterwards compare the number of deaths with it, and let them then decide whether their own or any other country, to their knowledge, has enjoyed a greater degree of health for the period mentioned.

Whites. Col'd people.

Population of the city and county of Orleans	7069	11989
German county	1900	3274
County of Acadia	2728	2556
County of Iberville	1587	935

Here is then an aggregate population in these four counties in the most exposed situations on the banks of the river Mississippi.

Whites. Col. peop.
13284 18754

The number of deaths in the same counties for the time before mentioned was 285 414

Viz., in the city and county of New Orleans, from the registers of the parish churches, and returns collected from the planters on the distant plantations, viz.:

Per parish registers in New Orleans	161	300
Parish of S. Bernard		
Terre aux Bœuf	5	5
Returns collected from the planters	4	13

170 318

In the German county,
composed of the two
parishes of St.
Charles and St. John
Baptiste.

In St. Charles 15 28
St. John Bap-
tiste 21 26

36 54

In the county of Aca-
dia, composed of the
two parishes of St.
James and Ascen-
sion.

In St. James 36 19
Ascension 14 6

50 25

In the county of Yb-
berville, composed
of the parishes of
St. Gabriel and St.
Bernard.

In St. Gabriel 24 15
St. Bernard 3 2

27 17

Making a total of 699 deaths,
which, compared to the aggregate
population, will be one for every for-
ty-seven whites, and one for every
forty-five blacks or people of colour.

To those accustomed to examine
such statements, this proportion will
be so small as almost to preclude
the possibility of belief; but if we
add to the population quoted here,
which is that of residents only, the
immense number of strangers from
foreign parts, from the Ohio, Mis-
sissippi territory, and the distant
countries, the seamen and boatmen
who crowd New Orleans for seven
months in the year, exclusive of the
garrison, the whole of which may
be calculated at one half in addition
to the whole population, this ex-
treme degree of health and small
degree of mortality must appear
really astonishing; the registers,
however, are open to the eye of any
persons, whose curiosity may lead
them to inspect them, and convic-
tion may thus be obtained by those
who trust to their own exami-
nation. This is of importance
to Louisiana, it respects the idea
entertained of by strangers, and,

on that account, it were to be wish-
ed particular inquiry might be
made, to change their present dis-
advantageous opinion of this coun-
try.

In the counties before mentioned,
the number of births, from the 1st of
August, 1805, to the 1st of August,
1806, amounted to the following
numbers, as per the registers of the
parish churches, viz.:

*Whites. Col'd
people.*

Parish and convent church, New Orleans	273	662
St. Bernard, Terre aux Boeuf	25	5
St. Charles, German coun- ty	26	30
St. John Baptiste, ditto	68	84
St. James, county of Aca- dia,	94	40
Ascension, ditto	50	10
St. Gabriel, county of Yb- berville	44	51
St. Bernard, Galviston	11	1
	591	883

From what has been said of the
salubrity of this country, it is not to
be supposed emigrants or strangers
are totally exempt from the danger
of sickness or death; on the contra-
ry, they are the persons most subject
to it, from their habits of body, their
mode of living, their want of due
care, and unnecessary exposure.
When in this country we see a poor
family descend the Ohio and Missi-
ssippi in the midst of summer, and
arrive, after a fatiguing voyage and
an exposure to the sun of forty days
in a flat boat, at the Natchez land-
ing, mouth of Bayou Sarah, or else-
where, and when, instead of having a
comfortable house, or the means of
procuring one to lodge the family in
on arrival, it is left in the boat still
exposed, and living on salt and ran-
cid provisions, without even a sup-
ply of vegetables, while the head of
the family is searching for the owner
of some piece of vacant land, when,
after a bargain is struck, the wretch-
ed family removes into the unsettled
country without a stock of whole-

some provision, and drinks the water of a spring which scarce runs through the heap of leaves and filth which choak it up; when it is exposed to the inclemencies of the weather while the trees are felled to raise their future dwelling, and when we see what the log house is, when raised, the little cleanliness observed in it, and unfortunately, we may add, the too great use of spiritous liquors, when they can be obtained; what can there be expected but sickness, misery, death, and complaints against the Mississippi territory and Louisiana, which would have been remedied by people of common means, by a little foresight and precaution, and, even in the poorest classes, by a removal at a more temperate season, when there would be time enough to provide against the danger of the summer heats, and get sheltered from them.

Should an enemy of Louisiana here raise the usual hue and cry against us of *yellow fever*, which has been so industriously circulated and echoed from one end of the union to the other, and made its inhabitants look upon death as unavoidable when compelled to visit our shores, I would reply to him, by asking whether Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, or Pennsylvania have been looked on as the certain grave yards of strangers, because their capitals have been sometimes afflicted with this scourge. I shall be answered in the negative, and told that a few maritime cities were alone subject to it, and at particular seasons only; that the sickness never spread itself a mile from their extremities, and that those who took the timely precaution of retiring ever so little a distance into the country, on the appearance of this disorder, were certain of escaping from it. It is just the case here likewise, with this additional happiness, that it appears here seldomer than in most of the ports of the United States, having been visited with it only four times, since that disorder was first known amongst us. That the residents for a few years in the city are perfect-

ly free and secure from its ravages, which are confined to strangers and new comers, whereas, in the other parts of the United States, the oldest residents are equally its victims with the greatest strangers.

In the countries of Acadia, Ybberville, and the lower part of the county of Orleans, with very few exceptions, all the men, and a very great proportion of the women and children, are at times employed in the labours of the field; in the lower part of the county of German coast, and for a few leagues above and below New Orleans, the planters, being generally richer, are less occupied in the laborious part of the culture of their estates; but there are few indeed who do not themselves overlook and attend to the labour of their slaves, and are consequently, like them, exposed to every danger and inconvenience, whether arising from the heat of summer or cold of winter: and it is a lamentable tale, but it ought to be told, that of the strangers, seamen, and boatmen, who find here an untimely fate, nine in ten, at least, owe their deaths to intemperance.

This will show that our climate is neither unhealthy nor dangerous even to the poorer class of white who may be under the necessity of supporting themselves by their daily labour in the field; nor can it be objected that the present inhabitants of the Mississippi, being all creoles, are habituated to the climate from their birth, and consequently less liable to suffer from its effects. This is far from being the case; a half of all the settlers on the Mississippi, in these four counties, are either Europeans, Americans, or Acadians from Nova Scotia, a great many of whom, especially among the latter, cut down themselves the first trees that were felled on their plantations, and, with no other assistance than what they have derived from their own exertions, arrived at a state of ease, if not of affluence, rarely to be met with in people in their circumstances in other countries: let the thousands of Americans who have seen their habitations, and their an-

nually increasing improvements, in their different voyages down the Mississippi, testify to the truth of this assertion.

It may be asked, by what means have they arrived at this state of ease and affluence, what magic has assisted them? It will be easily answered, by cultivating the richest lands in the world, whose productions find an immediate market at their doors, which, being of a superior value to those raised in the United States, and cultivated without the expence which attends them in other countries favoured with a similar climate, have enabled the Louisiana planters to lay up large sums from the produce of their crops, and thereby augment their fortunes much more rapidly than in any other part of the United States.

To prove this facility of laying up large sums, it will only be necessary to state the nature and value of the products of the soil, and the quantity of acres which a hand can annually cultivate.

The staple productions of Louisiana are rice, cotton, and sugar, and a negro can easily plant and cultivate four acres of land and get in the crop, besides raising a sufficiency of provision for his own consumption, and a proportion of those necessary for the stock and family of his master.

Dolls.

An acre of cotton, under tolerable cultivation, is known to produce 1000 lb. of cotton in seed, or 250 lb. of clean cotton, which at 20 cents is fifty dollars, and the negro or other person employed in this branch of culture will gain annually - - - 200

An acre of rice produces about the same sum, and the labour of a person for a year, employed in its cultivation, will be about the same with the foregoing - - - 200

An acre in sugar cane, in lands already impoverished by 80 years successive cultivation, without a particle of manure

having ever been laid on them, produces, even in bad crops, 1000 lb. of sugar, and a proportionable quantity of molasses, valued at 87 1-2 dollars, and a negro can cultivate at least four acres, equal to - - - 350

To prove these statements with respect to cotton and rice, by citing any particular instances of those who have raised the quantities here mentioned, is unnecessary, as the whole country, from the German county to the extremity of the Mississippi territory, wherever they are cultivated, can bear witness to it; and the fact is already well enough established in the United States generally, by the thousands who have been eye-witnesses of it, and who have either borne testimony of it verbally, or communicated it in writing to their friends and acquaintances.

With respect to the sugar cane, there have been less opportunities of acquiring or communicating information. Its introduction has been of a late date; the first experiments, though successful beyond the expectations of those who ventured on them, were still, in the opinions of the planters at large, attended with great risk, because they attributed to the seasons and the culture itself the faults and losses arising from their own want of timely preparation, of pecuniary means, and of a due degree of experience. Convinced, at last, by the immense fortunes rapidly acquired by those who persevered in their undertakings, and who were not alarmed by unfounded fears and clamours, they learned to lay at their own doors the faults they had before committed, and, by recommencing a culture too easily abandoned after an inadequate trial, have finally shown the triumph of fact and experience over uncertain and vague theory and misrepresentation. The cultivation of the sugar cane, the mode and season of cutting, and the process of boiling and curing, being now under-

stood, and the thousand facts by which its success is for ever established here being generally known to the planter, have inspired a confidence, an industry, and a desire to undertake this branch of agriculture, which bid fair to raise it, in a few years, to the highest pitch to which it is capable of being carried in this country. Its success will free the people of the United States from a dependence on foreign nations for an article now become indispensable, and, in return for the money laid out amongst us for it, we shall contribute to their prosperity by the consumption of their produce and manufactures, by the employment of their shipping and seamen, and by the payment of an immense sum in duties to the national treasury, which will be in proportion to our revenues and resources, and certainly will be in a tenfold rate to any other part of the union, possessed of only an equal population.

The following statement of the crops of sugar made last year by the undermentioned persons, and with the number of negroes stated to be employed by each individual, will exemplify, in the strongest manner, what has been before advanced of the superior advantages enjoyed by the planters established on the Mississippi over those of any other part of the union, or perhaps of any other country. These persons are amongst the first characters, and of those best known amongst us; their residence is within a few miles of the city on either hand; they frequently visit it, and, if a doubt should be entertained of the truth of their statements, it can easily be dispelled by the trouble of an inquiry of the parties.

Mons. La Ronde has 40 working hands in all, of whom four were employed to attend his cattle and garden, the produce of which amounted to *Dollars, 1500*

He had 135 acres of cane, 20 of which were ratoons, or canes which had been cut once or twice before.

He sold 12 acres of canes to a neighbour for *Dollars, 960*

Dollars, 2460

And with the remainder made 180,000lbs. of sugar, which he sold and delivered to Messrs. Poultney and Brown, at 8 1-2 dollars per cwt., amounting to *Dollars, 15300*

He sold, besides, 122 hhds. of molasses to M. Castillon, of 50 gallons each, at 10 dollars. *Dollars, 1220*

Making the sum of 16520 dollars earned in a year by a gang of 40 negroes.

M. Lisle Sarpy, on the estate now owned by the mayor of the city, had last year 28 working hands, and cultivated 80 acres of cane, 20 of which were ratoons, that had been cut once before; he sold 140,000 lbs. sugar, at 8 1-2 dollars per cwt. *Dollars, 11575*

100 hhds. molasses of 50 gallons each *1600*

Dollars, 13175

The negroes on this estate, towards the end of the season, being unable to cut the cane in time, there were employed two successive Sundays 30 negroes, hired from the neighbouring estates.

M. Alexander La Branche has 60 working hands; he sold 230,000 lbs. sugar, at 8 dollars per cwt. *Dollars, 18400*

165 hhds. of molasses, at 17 dollars *2805*

Dollars, 21205

M. Louis Habine has 47 working hands; he sold 185,000 lbs. sugar, at 8 1-2 dollars *15725*

136 hhds. molasses of 50 gallons *2312*

Dollars, 18037

Messrs. D. and L. La Branche had 44 working hands; they sold

190,000 lbs. sugar, at 8 1-2 dollars
per cwt. *Dollars,* 16150

128 hhds. molasses, at 17 dol-
lars 2176

Dollars, 18326

M. Manuel Andry had 40 working
hands; he sold 156,000 lbs. sugar,
at 8 1-2 dollars per cwt.

Dollars, 12870

112 hhds. molasses, at 17 dol-
lars 1904

Dollars, 14774

M. Jacques Fortier had 40 working
hands, and hired during the time
of grinding ten more; he sold
255,000 lbs. of sugar, at 8 dollars
per cwt. *Dollars,* 18800

150 hhds. molasses, at 17 dol-
lars 2550

Dollars, 21350

M. Eugene Fortier had 45 working
hands; he sold 173,000 lbs. sugar,
at 8 dollars per cwt.

Dollars, 14240

150 hhds. molasses, at 17 dol-
lars 2550

Dollars, 16790

M. Norbert Fortier had 42 working
hands; he sold 158,000 lbs. sugar,
at 8 dollars per cwt.

Dollars, 12640

130 hhds. molasses, at 16 dol-
lars 2080

Dollars, 14720

M. Adelard Fortier had 48 working
hands; he sold 180,000 lbs. sugar,
at 8 dollars per cwt.

Dollars, 14400

142 hhds. molasses, at 17 dol-
lars, 2414

Dollars, 16814

M. Pisero has 45 working hands, he
sold to Cavelier and sons 220,000
lbs. sugar, at 8 dollars per cwt.

Dollars, 17600

160 casks molasses 2560

Dollars, 20160

M. Destrehan had 40 working hands,
and when his cane was ready to
cut he bought ten new negroes; he
sold to Mr. John Morgan 222,190
lbs. sugar *Dollars,* 17775

160 casks molasses 2560

Dollars, 20335

And it is well known that he has
made an equal crop for four or five
successive years.

The quantity of sugar above-men-
tioned is that which was sold by the
planters, independent of which each
of them retained a sufficiency for
family purposes, and for the use of
their negroes.

It will not I presume be objected
that many other planters, who have
as many slaves, have not done quite
as much; it answers my object, to
point out what can be effected by at-
tention, and a knowledge of one's
business. I could cite some instan-
ces of some planters, who, with few-
er hands, have proportionally done
much more, but as they are few in
number, I think it would be as im-
proper to found a calculation on
their extraordinary exertions as on
the remissness, supineness, or igno-
rance of those whose success has not
answered the general expectation.

As a convincing proof with what
ease the cultivation of the cane, and
process of sugar making is followed
in Louisiana, I shall mention a cir-
cumstance, that will, I know, never
be believed by any Jamaica or St.
Domingo planter, who has not seen
it, which is, that the cultivation of
the cane, and process of sugar mak-
ing, has been attended with extra-
ordinary success, by many persons
not possessed of more than 20 ne-
groes, and in some cases not more
than 12. This will excite a smile
of ridicule on the faces of those who
hold it to be impossible to manage a
sugar plantation with less than 150
working hands. There is not a su-
gar planter in Louisiana possessed

of 150 slaves, of all ages and sizes, yet they make as much with their small gangs, as the nabobs of the islands with four times their number; and were they certain as in the islands of having time sufficient to cut their cane, in the interval between the first white frosts which ripen, and the hard ones which destroy them, their revenue would be doubled, as they can plant and cultivate more than they can afterwards cut and secure. This is owing to the facility of ploughing their lands, and not being under the necessity of digging trenches to plant their cane in, as in Jamaica and elsewhere. The same number of negroes required to plant, tend, and boil the produce of two hundred acres of land in cane, would scarce be sufficient in a year to dig the holes to plant it in Jamaica.

It now remains to show the cost of an establishment suited for sugar or cotton, that the planter may be able to calculate the profit arising from his capital thus invested, and see whether the product is equal to what may be expected from it.

A sugar plantation of 20 acres front on the Mississippi, or 800 acres square, with dwelling and out houses, sugar works in complete repair, and the crop planted, may be estimated, if between the English Turn, in the county of Orleans, and the upper part of German county, on paying a fourth part cash, and the balance in one, two, and three years, from the date of the purchase, at equal payments, without interest, at *Dollars*, 50,000

60 prime negroes, at 500 dollars each 30,000

Stock of oxen and horses 4,000

Total cost 84,000

Such a sugar estate, well conducted, will make annually 250,000 lbs. of sugar, at 8 dollars per cwt. 20,000

160 hhds. molasses, at 15 dollars 2,400

Total 22,400

From which deduct the expenses, viz.:

Overseer, who will likewise make the sugar	800
Carpenter hired by the year	360
Maintenance of ditto, in addition to what the plantation furnishes	100
Medical care of the slaves	100
Incidental expenses to the mill and works	200
Territorial and other taxes	60
Annual supply of cattle	20
Clothing for the negroes, and all other supplies and charges, &c.	1180

Total annual expenses 3000

Nett product *Dollars*, 19,400

This will leave a clear revenue of 19,400 dollars, or about 23 1-10 per cent. on the capital, the major part of which is not disbursed by the planter till he pays it out of the revenue arising from the property purchased on credit.

The calculations would be still more advantageous to the planter, were he to purchase an estate beyond the limits of the German county, in that of Acadia, where the lands have been less cultivated, and enjoy all the advantages of the others, except proximity to the city. The calculation would in that case stand thus:

First cost of a plantation of 20 acres front, *Dollars*, 20,000

Cost of erecting a better dwelling house than that found on the plantation, and a complete set of sugar works 10,000

Stock of cattle 4,000

Purchase of canes to plant, and cost of transporting them 4,000

38,000

60 prime negroes, at 500 dollars each 30,000

Making in all 68,000

And as the product would be the

same as before mentioned, it would amount to somewhat more than 28 1-2 per cent. on the capital.

It is here to be remarked, that the planter, if not a man of large fortune, with the disbursement of about 2500 dollars for his sugar boilers, utensils, hire of masons and carpenters, might, in the course of the first year, with the labour of his own slaves, put up the whole of the sugar works. He would likewise save the expence of the purchase of three-fourths of the cane, by planting only as much as would be sufficient to furnish him with plants for his next year's work, and he might in the mean time raise a crop of cotton, equal to 4 or 500 dollars.

In the county of La Fourche, a beautiful and populous settlement, for the space of twenty-five leagues, on both sides of a creek, flowing from the Mississippi to the sea, whose entrance is twenty-five leagues above New Orleans, having an excellent road from the lowest settlement to the river, and navigable for craft of any size, at least six months in the year, the calculation, on account of the remoteness of situation, but the lands fully equal to any on the Mississippi, would be as follows :

First cost of a plantation of 20 acres front, valued at the highest rate	10,000
Cost of buildings, sugar work, negroes, stock of cattle, plant canes, &c., as in the county of Acadia	48,000
Making in all	<hr/> Dollars, 58,000 <hr/>

And yearly product the same, with the deduction of four hundred dollars for expence of transporting the crop to market, which in this case the planter must pay, would be equal to near 33 per cent. on his capital.

How much this interest would be increased, and the capital diminished, in the eyes of a planter of Virginia or Maryland, who, instead of valuing his negroes at five hundred dollars, as I do here, for the sake of presenting things in their worst as-

pect, would be induced to value them at what he could get for them at home. viz. : about two hundred and eighty dollars, and twenty more for the expence of removing them to this country ; will lie with him to calculate and determine.

Independent of the immense profit annually derived from sugar plantations, the planters who should settle in the counties of Acadia, Fourche, or lower part of the county of Orleans, would have the additional satisfaction of knowing that their estates were annually increasing in value, and that nothing would be wanting, but the addition of a few more people like themselves, to make them fully equal to the best in the counties of German Coast or Orleans.

In these last counties, the lands, from their proximity to New Orleans, are nearer their intrinsic value, than in any other part of the territory, and those who have large capitals do well to secure as great a quantity of them as possible, since nothing they can employ their money in will afford them a greater benefit ; but I never can be convinced, but with a little care and attention, every useful purpose might be as well answered with a third less land, and consequently with a diminution of the third of the capital employed in the purchase. If, instead of suffering the cane thrash to be lost, it were collected, made into manure, and spread over that part of the land which is annually left fallow, these sugar lands, which have been cultivated with success in indigo, for eighty years past, and now produce from 1000 to 1500 lbs. of sugar per acre, would then give 2000 to 3000 lbs., as we have seen instances in fresh lands, with proper care and attention.

With the least attention to farming, there can be but little doubt, but the Louisiana planter could make the same crop, employ the same number of hands, and save a third of the capital employed in the purchase of his land. This capital might be still more reduced, if, in-

stead of making use of his land to raise corn, which seldom or never gives him more than twenty-five bushels per acre, he planted it in cane, and bought the corn he wanted from the Acadians or others, who would, in that case, very gladly devote themselves to that branch. They have lands to spare, and, generally making use of the plough, would make up by the quantity of land cultivated, for the want of value in the article raised for market.

It will not fail to raise a laugh among strangers at the expence of our planters, to be informed that the cane tops and leaves, which, when the cane is cut, are thrown over the roots to preserve them from the frosts, are always destroyed in the spring, to save the trouble of collecting them. On the appearance of vegetation, and when nothing further is to be apprehended from frosts, we take the earliest opportunity, after a few days dry weather, when a strong wind blows, to set fire to those dry leaves and tops, which entirely cover fields, and fairly burn the whole of them, that those fields, to which nature has been so bountiful, may never have a chance of deriving any assistance from what was intended to repair the waste sustained by cultivation.

The cane trash (which is the stalk after the juice is expressed), leaves, and tops, if collected and turned to account, would perhaps be sufficient to manure the land annually planted in cane, which is one-third of the whole quantity raised on the estate. The cane, after being thrice cut, is ploughed up and replaced with fresh plants, and, this system being constantly followed, the whole quantity is replaced every three years. The reason given for not collecting the trash is a want of hands at a season when other work presses: but it ought to be recollected, that a smaller quantity of land, if manured, would produce as great a crop as is now raised; there would be less capital necessary, and, the labour of the slaves being devoted to a smaller portion of ground,

it would be easier and better worked and cultivated. It is, however, with such a wretched system of farming that our immense crops are made; for, from the first discovery of this country, there never has probably been an acre of land manured, unless for a garden, from one extremity of the territory to the other.

Another considerable diminution of capital would be made by the introduction of grass seeds, and formation of good pasture grounds. A number of cattle are necessary for plantation work and for the sugar mill, as we have not the advantage of water to turn it, and there are few sugar estates where there are not 150 acres devoted to pasturage. With due care, one-third of this land would suffice, as we are not under the necessity of laying up provender for the winter, it being then found in the woods back of the plantations. Hay is only made for the working cattle, while employed in grinding the cane; and the roads through the cane fields, to allow a passage for the carts, with a little mowed in the corn fields (where it grows to the great annoyance of the planter) suffices for this purpose. The only attempt to introduce any thing of this kind, which nature had not provided, has been made within a few years, by propagating the white clover, which appears early in the spring, before other grasses, and came we know not where from. This is done by scattering a few seeds in the wind, and leaving it afterwards to itself to take its chance. In this particular we have an entire reliance on Providence, and, what it does not for us, we scorn to do ourselves.

A good European farmer, with half our land, would raise more than we ourselves can, from our whole quantity; his cattle would be better provided; and the soil, if not ameliorated, would never be made worse by cultivation. These are truths, however, which our planters never will learn till the country becomes more populous, and lands rise to such a price as to put it out of the

power of people to obtain them with the same facility as at present. They will then see with surprise, that, with a little manure, and a little knowledge of farming, they will be able to save near one-half of the present capital employed in the purchase of their estates; and these remarks and calculations, if intended for the Dutch Germans or English, would have been predicated on the supposition that more was unnecessary, unless they increase their stock of slaves, and, consequently, their revenue in proportion. To avoid, however, the appearance of calculating too favourably, I have made the statements on the most disadvantageous ground; being informed that the people of Virginia and Maryland, who may probably be most benefited by a removal to this country, are, with respect to farming, nearly on a level with ourselves.

A cotton plantation, though not, perhaps, so productive as a sugar establishment, has still many advantages. It may be undertaken, with success, by any number of hands, from one to a hundred. The expenses at first are trifling, the labour is light, and the country in general, from one extremity to the other, is suited to it; whereas, but a smaller portion of it is adapted to the culture of the cane. The lands, therefore, required by the cotton planter are easy to be procured at a cheap rate, and nothing but sobriety, industry, and perseverance are required to make him, in the course of a few years, a man of opulent fortune.

The expence of a cotton establishment, on a middling scale, may be thus estimated.

Six hundred acres of land in the Mississippi or Orleans territories, almost any where off the Mississippi, with a dwelling house and gin erected, and a sufficiency of land cleared to occupy 30 slaves on taking possession *Dolls.* 7000
 Thirty slaves of different sexes and ages, at 400 dollars 12000
 Stock of cattle, not only suf-

ficient to do the needful work, but to furnish supplies, viz.

Ten pair of oxen at	40 <i>dolls.</i>	400
Ten horses and mares	60	600
Fifty cows and calves	16	800
Fifty sheep	4	200

Total cost, *dolls.* 21000

These 30 negroes will annually raise a crop of cotton of 1000lbs. each, which, valued at 20 cents, is

Dolls. 6000

From which deduct the charges, viz.

An overseer	400
Carpenter employed by the year	300
Medical attendance	40
Tools, &c.	100
Clothing and incidental expences	300
Freight of crop to market	100
Taxes	25

Total, *Dolls.* 4735

Which leaves a clear revenue, as above stated, of 4735 dollars per annum, arising from the labour of 30 slaves, or an interest of 22 1-2 per cent. on the capital.

It will, however, strike every one unacquainted with the country, that the value of the lands and the charges are overrated; that on such an estate there cannot be a necessity of employing a carpenter by the year; and that the owner of such a gang of negroes ought, with very little assistance, to be able to conduct them himself, and thereby save the hire of an overseer, or the major part of it. There are, besides, other advantages which the planter may as confidentially calculate on as his crop, viz. the increase of his slaves in a rapid manner, as the labour is light; the increase of his stock, which in a few years will enable him, from the sale to other emigrants, to pay the charges of his estate, and the constant rise of the estate itself, which becomes annually more valuable by the augmentation of population.

In the calculation of the price of slaves for a cotton plantation, they are rated less than in the calcula-

tion for a sugar estate: the reason is, it is not necessary they should all be slaves in the prime of their age and strength; the labour is lighter; there ought to be a greater proportion of women, and boys and girls above 12 are nearly as useful as the best of the other hands, provided there is but a proportion of them.

The foregoing calculation of a cotton estate is made to show what it would cost a man of middling circumstances to fix himself to advantage in a situation he might prefer. There are many parts of the country as well calculated for raising cotton, where it would cost little more than half the sum, and, in proportion to his means, the rich planter will find the expence of his establishment diminished, as small, well-situated tracts of land sell better than large ones, and the expence of building a house and gin, whether on the one or the other, is the same.

To the poor industrious emigrants without slaves, or to those who have but a small property, this country holds out, if possible, more advantages than to the rich. Such persons must not, in any country, think of occupying, on arrival, the highly cultivated lands in the midst of the rich settlements: this their circumstances will not admit of. They will, however, have a choice of beautiful lands in the counties of Attakapas, Opelousas, Rapides, Natchitoches, and Ouachita, in the Orleans territory, and on the banks of the Amite and Comite, in the neighbourhood of Baton Rouge, at from two to four dollars per acre, and this on the edge of the settlements, with a water communication to New Orleans. In some of these places, as in the Attakapas and Opelousas, where there is a great proportion of prairie (or natural clearing), the planter may set the plough to work the day of his arrival; in the others he will have to clear his land, and the first year he can expect to do nothing but cut down the timber, make fences, raise his provisions, and be prepared to raise a crop in the succeeding one.

For a family consisting of a man and his wife with four children, two of whom at least should be capable of assisting in the labours of the field, I should suppose the following calculation of the expence of an establishment, and the profits to be expected from it, would be as exact as well could be calculated.

Purchase of 200 acres of land, paying a third cash, the remainder in one and two years, without interest	Dolls. 600
Two horses	120
Six cows and calves	96
A few hogs and poultry	40
Ploughs, carts, and tools	100
Hire of workmen to assist in building a house, and procuring part of the materials	200
Provisions and clothing for himself and family for the first year, until he raises his own provisions	150
	<hr/>
	Dolls. 1306
	<hr/>

The total cost of the establishment, at the end of the first year, will be, therefore, 1306 dollars.

He is there fixed, and his capital amounts to the sum before mentioned.

In the next year he may expect, if industrious, to make half a crop of cotton, as he cannot in new ground cultivate his lands otherwise than with the hoe; and I should therefore estimate it at about 2000lbs. of cotton in seed per hand for three persons, which, sold to the owners of public gins at four dollars per cwt., would be 240 dollars.

In the mean time his land is improved; his clearing is increased; his house has an addition to it; and he begins to have an idea of the state he is destined to arrive at, with future industry, economy, and sobriety.

In the succeeding years he may expect to make as much cotton to the hand as any other person in the territory; he will then have paid for his land, will augment his stock of cattle, and, by due attention to

his business, will annually lay up a sum till he purchases a gang of slaves. He will then see himself, instead of being a poor, forlorn creature on the extreme of border population, a respectable and opulent planter in the midst of a rich and populous settlement. Such were the beginnings of ninety in a hundred of all the wealthy inhabitants of the Mississippi territory, of Bayou Sarah, and of the western counties of the territory of Orleans. It may be seen, and ought always to be held in mind, that these calculations are addressed to the industrious, the sober, and the honest poor, and that a perseverance in these habits is indispensable; for there is, perhaps, no country in the world where the idle, the drunkard, or the profligate of every description so soon bring themselves to ruin as in this, and nothing can ever be gained by such characters by a change of country. To emigrants of every description I would point out the month of November as that in which they should endeavour to arrive. They will then be able to examine and fix themselves to their satisfaction before the spring, will have time enough to provide a comfortable dwelling to protect their families before the return of summer, and, being by degrees accustomed to the hot weather, will have less to fear by a change of climate.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MELANGE.

NO. I.

PARTIAL as scholars may be to the mythology of the Greeks, as having formed a part of their juvenile studies, we cannot contemplate it through the clear medium of reason and philosophy, without perceiving it to be a mass of impious and disgusting absurdity; and the same enlightened judgment, which reprobates the polytheism of the

Greeks and Romans, must decide against its effects in what is termed the machinery of their poems. Homer, however, took not only his men but his gods as he found them; and the figure which they make in his poems is not more ludicrous and revolting, than the creed, worship, and ceremonies of idolaters must ever appear to persons who enjoy rational notions of religion. The gods of Homer were deified mortals; and they are exhibited by the poet with the vices and absurdities belonging to such personages. They as much constituted the superstition of his time, as witches, necromancers, and sorcerers formed the object of that of the gothic age; and though we now subject both to similar ridicule, their introduction into epic compositions is declarative of the credulity of the people at these two periods. When we retrace our youthful studies, we are disgusted with passages which formerly pleased us; and instead of applauding the exploits of the gods and goddesses of the ancient epic, we wonder that we should ever have been amused with so miserable a machinery; which is puerile, with no consistency of character; beneath human nature, and, having no dignity in itself, is incapable of conferring a dignity on a poem which uses it, and uses it as a principal substratum.

I have frequently told women the infinite advantages they might reap from the due improvement and exercise of their accomplishments. There are very few occasions in which it would not be serviceable to them. Women generally imagine that they have nothing to fear but the presence of the lover. True, indeed, they may have then two enemies to contend with: their passion and the party. But when the lover has retired the love still remains; and the progress it makes in solitude, though less perceptible, is not the less dangerous. At such intervals as these, the playing on a

harpsichord, painting a flower, or reading some work of genius, may turn aside the thoughts from ideas too alluring, and fix the attention upon safer objects. All these occupations, then, which employ the mind, are so many countermines to temptation. Shakspeare has a fine poetical moral upon this subject, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid
fell—

It was upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with
love's wound,
And maidens call it *Love-in-idleness*.

—
In the Wallian laws it is decreed, that a wife may leave her husband, and demand again her portion, if he has an *offensive breath*. What is remarkably whimsical, the same laws ordain, that on a divorce, the woman shall divide the substance into two equal parts, and the man shall have choice of the lots; but, in particular, the man shall have all the *swine*, and the woman all the poultry.

—
Great Britain, observes a late writer, is in a great measure level towards the east coast, through its whole extent, from the North Foreland Head, in Kent, to Duncansbay, in Caithness, and rises gradually as it advances towards the west, till it swells at last into a ridge of hills or mountains, which Providence, in its kindness, seems to have erected as a bulwark against the fury of the Atlantic waves. The same conformation, though comparatively on a very small scale, is observable in the Orkney islands.

—
Political controversy has sometimes been compared to prize-fighting; but the defeated literary champion of a desperate cause has one great advantage over the beaten pugilist. When a champion is unable to sustain the honours of his fist against a new rival, there is no choice but to

give in, or to have his ribs beat in by his antagonist. But, in the conflicts of the pen, no such dire alternative awaits the vanquished combatant. If he possess only enough of that *bottom*, which is said to abound on the banks of the Shannon, he can never be compelled to surrender. Though knocked down a hundred times, and unable to *stand up to his man* a moment without *shifting*, he may make at least a drawn battle; for he may protract the contest till his antagonist is weary, till the spectators and judges are tired out, and even the bottle-holders quit the ring in disgust.

—
At a time when personal libelling has been carried to such a height as, in the opinion of many, to call for legislative interference, the republication of the following epigram, written by a poet of considerable eminence in the last age, will not be deemed impertinent, and may, perhaps, contribute to soothe those who are writhing under the "rankling venom."

Should D**** publish you had stabb'd
your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd
your mother;
Say, what revenge on D**** can be had,
Too dull for laughter, for reply too
mad?
On one so poor you cannot take the
law,
On one so old you scorn your sword to
draw:
Uncag'd, then, let the harmless monster
rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and
age.

—
Does a man, says *Epictetus*, reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? Consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true: if they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what

thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious, ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable, and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease: his reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches.

What does the truly wise man say? When I hear of a satirical speech or writing aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deserve it or not. If my verdict be against myself, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future, in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded on falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look on my name at the head of it as no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach, who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it? or subject himself to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude, which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himself in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

Balzac says, in a letter to the chancellor of France, who had prevented the publication of a book against him, *Were it a new thing, I should not be displeased with the suppression of the first libel: but since there are enough to make a small library, I am secretly pleased to see the number increased, and take delight in raising a heap of stones that envy has cast at me without doing me any harm.*

A country sculptor being desired to put as an inscription on a tombstone this line from the book of Proverbs,

“A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband,”

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omitted to take the due proportion for each word; so, finding that the first *half line* took up more space than *half the width of the stone*, wrote an abbreviation for “a crown,” and made the line complete thus:

“A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband.”

The world is sometimes guilty of a strange kind of reasoning. A man was not permitted once to be witness in favour of another; and the objection was, “he is your friend.” “To be sure,” the man replies, “he is my friend, because the good which I say of him is true; he is exactly as I describe him. You take the cause for the effect, and the effect for the cause. Why do you suppose that I speak well of him because he is my friend? and why do you not rather suppose that he is my friend, because he is a good man?”

Suppose twenty men of honour to be all acquainted with, and to esteem a man of acknowledged merit, such as Dorilas, for example: when you praise and boast of his virtues and talents, let them all express the same opinion of his virtues and talents. Suppose one of the bystanders to put in a word, “What a pity it is that Dorilas should have so little fortune!” “What do you mean?” says another. “His modesty only makes him live without luxury. Do you know that he has a thousand a year?” “Indeed!” “Be sure of it. I have proofs of it.” Now let this man of merit appear, and let him compare the reception he meets with from this company, with that which he had the day before. Dorilas has done this: he made the comparison, and it excited a sigh. But there was in this company one man, whose treatment of him was the same. “One in twenty,” says the philosopher: “that’s enough.”

For the Literary Magazine.

REVIEW.

The great notoriety which Mr. Moore's late volume of poems has obtained in this country has induced us to reprint the following review of that production from one of the most celebrated periodical publications of Great Britain. Our readers will perceive that mildness is not one of its most prominent features, and that its writer has abated nothing of the wholesome severity of criticism.

Epistles, Odes, and other Poems.

By Thomas Moore, Esq. 4to. pp. 350. London: 1806.

A SINGULAR sweetness and melody of versification, smooth, copious, and familiar diction, with some brilliancy of fancy, and some show of classical erudition, might have raised Mr. Moore to an innocent distinction among the song-writers and occasional poets of his day; but he is indebted, we fear, for the celebrity he actually enjoys, to accomplishments of a different description; and may boast, if the boast can please him, of being the most licentious of modern versifiers, and the most poetical of those who, in our times, have devoted their talents to the propagation of immorality. We regard his book, indeed, as a public nuisance; and would willingly trample it down by one short movement of contempt and indignation, had we not reason to apprehend, that it was abetted by patrons who are entitled to a more respectful remonstrance, and by admirers who may require a more extended exposition of their dangers.

There is nothing, it will be allowed, more indefensible than a cold-blooded attempt to corrupt the purity of an innocent heart; and we can scarcely conceive any being more truly despicable, than he who, without the apology of unruly passion or tumultuous desires, sits down to ransack the impure places of his memory for inflammatory images and expressions, and commits them laboriously to writing, for the purpose of insinuating pollution into the

minds of unknown and unsuspecting readers.

This is almost a new crime among us. While France has to blush for so many tomes of 'Poesies Erotiques,' we have little to answer for, but the coarse indecencies of Rochester and Dryden; and these, though sufficiently offensive to delicacy and good taste, can scarcely be regarded as dangerous. There is an antidote to the poison they contain, in the open and undisguised profligacy with which it is presented. If they are wicked, they have the honesty at least to profess wickedness. The mark of the beast is set visibly on their foreheads; and though they have the boldness to recommend vice, they want the effrontery to make her pass for virtue. In their greatest immoralities, too, they scarcely ever seem to be perfectly in earnest; and appear neither to wish nor to hope to make proselytes. They indulge their own vein of gross riot and debauchery; but they do not seek to corrupt the principles of their readers; and are contented to be reprobated as profligate, if they are admired at the same time for wit and originality.

The immorality of Mr. Moore is infinitely more insidious and malignant. It seems to be his aim to impose corruption upon his readers, by concealing it under the mask of refinement; to reconcile them imperceptibly to the most vile and vulgar sensuality, by blending its language with that of exalted feeling and tender emotion; and to steal impurity into their hearts, by gently perverting the most simple and generous of their affections. In the execution of this unworthy task, he labours with a perseverance at once ludicrous and detestable. He may be seen in every page running round the paltry circle of his seductions with incredible zeal and anxiety, and stimulating his jaded fancy for new images of impurity, with as much melancholy industry as ever outcast of the muses hunted for epithets or metre.

It is needless, we hope, to get deep into the inquiry, why certain

compositions have been reprobated as licentious, and their authors ranked among the worst enemies of morality. The criterion by which their delinquency may be determined is fortunately very obvious: no scene can be tolerated in description, which could not be contemplated in reality, without a gross violation of propriety: no expression can be pardoned in poetry to which delicacy could not listen in the prose of real life.

No writer can transgress those limits, and be held guiltless; but there are degrees of guiltiness, and circumstances of aggravation or apology, which ought not to be disregarded. A poet of a luxuriant imagination may give too warm a colouring to the representation of innocent endearments, or be betrayed into indelicacies in delineating the allurements of some fair seducer, while it is obviously his general intention to give attraction to the picture of virtue, and to put the reader on his guard against the assault of temptation. Mr. Moore has no such apology; he takes care to intimate to us, in every page, that the raptures which he celebrates do not spring from the excesses of an innocent love, or the extravagance of a romantic attachment; but are the unhallowed fruits of cheap and vulgar prostitution, the inspiration of casual amours, and the chorus of habitual debauchery. He is at pains to let the world know that he is still fonder of roving, than of loving; and that all the Caras and the Fannys, with whom he holds dalliance in these pages, have had each a long series of preceding lovers, as highly favoured as their present poetical paramour: that they meet without any purpose of constancy, and do not think it necessary to grace their connection with any professions of esteem or permanent attachment. The greater part of the book is filled with serious and elaborate descriptions of the ecstasies of such an intercourse, and with passionate exhortations to snatch the joys, which are thus abundantly poured forth from 'the fertile fount of sense.'

To us, indeed, the perpetual kissing, and twining, and panting of these amorous persons, is rather ludicrous than seductive; and their eternal sobbing and whining raises no emotion in our bosoms but those of disgust and contempt. Even to younger men, we believe, the book will not be very dangerous: nor is it upon their account that we feel the indignation and alarm which we have already endeavoured to express. The life and conversation of our sex, we are afraid, is seldom so pure as to leave them much to learn from publications of this description; and they commonly know enough of the reality, to be aware of the absurd illusions and exaggerations of such poetical voluptuaries. In them, therefore, such a composition can work neither corruption nor deception; and it will, in general, be despised and thrown aside, as a tissue of sickly and fantastical conceits, equally remote from truth and respectability. It is upon the other sex that we conceive its effects may be most pernicious; and it is chiefly as an insult upon their delicacy, and an attack upon their purity, that we are disposed to resent its publication.

The reserve in which women are educated; the natural vivacity of their imaginations; and the warmth of their sensibility, renders them peculiarly liable to be captivated by the appearance of violent emotions, and to be misled by the affectation of tenderness or generosity. They easily receive any impression that is made under the apparent sanction of these feelings; and allow themselves to be seduced into any thing, which they can be persuaded is dictated by disinterested attachment, and sincere and excessive love. It is easy to perceive how dangerous it must be for such beings to hang over the pages of a book, in which supernatural raptures, and transcendent passion, are counterfeited in every page; in which images of voluptuousness are artfully blended with expressions of refined sentiment and delicate emo-

tion; and the grossest sensuality is exhibited in conjunction with the most gentle and generous affections. They who have not learned from experience the impossibility of such a union, are apt to be captivated by its alluring exterior. They are seduced by their own ignorance and sensibility; and become familiar with the dæmon, for the sake of the radiant angel to whom he has been linked by the malignant artifice of the poet.

We have been induced to enter this strong protest, and to express ourselves thus warmly against this and the former publications of this author, both from what we hear of the circulation which they have already obtained, and from our conviction that they are calculated, if not strongly denounced to the public, to produce, at this moment, peculiar and irremediable mischief. The style of composition, as we have already hinted, is almost new in this country: it is less offensive than the old fashion of obscenity; and, for these reasons, perhaps, is less likely to excite the suspicion of the moralist, or to become the object of precaution to those who watch over the morals of the young and inexperienced. We certainly have known it a permitted study, where performances, infinitely less pernicious, were rigidly interdicted.

There can be no time in which the purity of the female character can fail to be of the first importance to every community; but it appears to us, that it requires at this moment to be more carefully watched over than at any other; and that the constitution of society has arrived among us to a sort of crisis, the issue of which may be powerfully influenced by our present neglect or solicitude. From the increasing diffusion of opulence, enlightened or polite society is greatly enlarged, and necessarily becomes more promiscuous and corruptible; and women are now beginning to receive a more extended education, to venture more freely and largely into the fields of literature, and to become more of intellectual and in-

dependent creatures, than they have yet been in these islands. In these circumstances, it seems to be of incalculable importance, that no attainment should be given to the delicacy and purity of their expanding minds; that their increasing knowledge should be of good chiefly, and not of evil; that they should not consider modesty as one of the prejudices from which they are now to be emancipated; nor found any part of their new influence upon the licentiousness of which Mr. Moore invites them to be partakers. The character and the morality of women exercises already a mighty influence upon the happiness and the respectability of the nation; and it is destined, we believe, to exercise a still higher one: but if they should ever cease to be the pure, the delicate, and timid creatures that they now are; if they should cease to overawe profligacy, and to win and to shame men into decency, fidelity, and love of unsullied virtue; it is easy to see that this influence, which has hitherto been exerted to strengthen and refine our society, will operate entirely to its corruption and debasement; that domestic happiness and private honour will be extinguished, and public spirit and national industry most probably annihilated along with them.

There is one other consideration which has helped to excite our apprehension on occasion of this particular performance. Many of the pieces are dedicated to persons of the first consideration in the country, both for rank and accomplishments; and the author appears to consider the greater part of them as his intimate friends, and undoubted patrons and admirers. Now, this we will confess is to us a very alarming consideration. By these channels, the book will easily pass into circulation in those classes of society, which it is of most consequence to keep free of contamination; and from which its reputation and its influence will descend with the greatest effect to the great body of the community. In this reading and opulent country, there are no

fashions which diffuse themselves so fast, as those of literature and immorality: there is no palpable boundary between the *noblesse* and the *bourgeoisie*, as in old France, by which the corruption and intelligence of the former can be prevented from spreading to the latter. All the parts of the mass act and re-act upon each other with a powerful and unintermitted agency; and if the head be once infected, the corruption will spread irresistibly through the whole body. It is doubly necessary, therefore, to put the law in force against this delinquent, since he has not only indicated a disposition to do mischief, but seems unfortunately to have found an opportunity.

In some of these observations, we are afraid that our fashionable readers may detect the extreme rigour of our calvinistic education, and think that we have treated this libertine bard with unnecessary severity. To such persons, we beg leave to recommend the following lines of an old English poet, in which the iniquities of Mr. Moore's compositions are described, we think, in prophetic language; and a sentence is passed upon them not much lighter than that which we wish the public to ratify.

Thereto he could fine loving verses
frame,
And play the poet oft. But, ah! for
shame!
Let not sweet poets praise, whose only
pride
Is virtue to advance and vice deride,
Be with the work of Losel's wit de-
fam'd;
Ne let such verses poetry be named.
Yet he the name on him would rashly
take,
Maugre the sacred muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such as he depended most upon,
And with the sugry sweet thereof allure
Chaste ladies' ears to fantasies impure.
To such delights the noble wits he led,
Which him relieved, and their vain hu-
mours fed
With fruitless follies and unsound de-
lights.
Spenser's Mother Hubbard's Tale.

On looking back to the volume, with a view to estimate its poetical merits impartially, as separated from its sins of morality, we were surprised to find how little praise it could lay claim to; and are more and more convinced, that its popularity is owing almost entirely to the seduction of the subjects on which it is employed. We shall not stain our page with any of the passages to which our preceding censures are intended to apply; but the following may serve as a specimen of Mr. Moore's talent for witty and familiar poetry.

When next you see the black-ey'd Caty,
The loving, languid girl of Hayti,
Whose finger so expertly plays
Amid the ribbon's silken maze,
Just like Aurora, when she ties
A rainbow round the morning skies!
Say, that I hope, when winter's o'er,
On Norfolk's bank again to rove,
And then shall search the ribbon-store
For some of Caty's softest love.

I should not like the gloss were past,
Yet want it not entirely new;
But bright and strong enough to last
About—suppose a week or two.
However frail, however light,
'Twill do, at least, to wear at night:
And so you'll tell our black-ey'd Caty,
The loving, languid girl of Hayti!

If the reader should want a specimen of his more elaborate and lofty gallantry, he may take the following; which appears to us to be rather a splendid example of that figure of speech which is commonly called nonsense.

I pray thee, on those lips of thine,
To wear this rosy leaf for me,
And breathe of something not divine,
Since nothing human breathes of thee!

All other charms of thine I meet
In nature, but thy sigh alone;
Then take, oh! take, though not so
sweet,
The breath of roses for thine own!

So, while I walk the flowery grove,
The bud that gives, through morning
dew,
The lustre of the lips I love,
May seem to give their perfume too!

In the same taste is the following magnificent stanza on a lady holding a child in her arms :

Soft as she smil'd, he smil'd again ;
They seem'd so kindred in their charms
That one might think the babe had then
Just budded in her blooming arms !
He look'd like something form'd of air,
Which she had uttered in a sigh ;
Like some young spirit, resting there,
That late had wander'd from her eye !

The tawdry, affected, and finical style of this author, cannot be better illustrated than in those verses about something which he calls the Snow-Spirit.

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
As a murmur of thine on the soul !

Oh ! fly to the clime, where he pillows the death,
As he cradles the birth of the year ;
Bright are your bowers and balmy their breath,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here !

This is in the right millinery taste ; but it is surpassed by what follows.

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
Should not melt in the day-beam like him !

Mr. Moore, however, has not always confined himself to those familiar and gallant lucubrations : he has favoured his readers with several fine specimens of sublimity, and made a splendid display of his erudition, in a variety of mythological hymns and epistles. The most superb, perhaps, is a dithyrambic on the fall of Hebe, which has the merit of being almost entirely unintelligible ; our readers may try their penetration upon the following passages.

And now she rais'd her rosy mouth to sip
The nectar'd wave
Lyæus gave,
And from her eyelids, gently clos'd,
Shed a dissolving gleam,
Which fell, like sun-dew, in the bowl !
While her bright hair, in mazy flow
Of gold, descending
Along her cheek's luxurious glow,
Wav'd o'er the goblet's side,
And was reflected by its crystal tide,
Like a sweet crocus flower,
Whose sunny leaves, at evening hour,
With roses of Cyrene blending,
Hang o'er the mirror of a silver stream !

The Olympian cup
Burn'd in the hands
Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her feet

Up
The empyreal mount,
To drain the soul-drops at their stellar fount ;

And still,
As the resplendent rill
Flam'd o'er the goblet with a mantling heat,
Her graceful care
Would cool its heavenly fire
In gelid waves of snowy-feather'd air,
Such as the children of the pole respire,

In those enchanted lands,
Where life is all a spring, and north winds never blow !

But oh !
Sweet Hebe, what a tear,
And what a blush were thine,
When, as the breath of every Grace, &c.

Those who can interpret this have some chance of understanding the following :—

Welcome, my shell !
How many a star has ceas'd to burn,
How many a tear has Saturn's gleaming urn
O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept,
Since thy ærial spell
Hath in the waters slept !
Mortal ! I fly,
With the bright treasure to my choral sky,
Where she, who wak'd its early swell,

The syren, with a foot of fire,
Walks o'er the great string of my
Orphic lyre,
Or guides around the burning pole
The winged chariot of some bliss-
ful soul!

While thou!
Oh son of earth! what dreams shall rise
for thee!

Beneath Hispania's sun,
Thou'lt see a streamlet run,
Which I have warm'd with dews of
melody.

There are some very fine lines,
such as—

Where matter *darkles*, or where spirit
beams.—

Blast thee with the lightning bug.

and

Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!

But we prefer the artless innocence
of the following namby-pamby—

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,
Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted in his downy nest
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers.

The pieces which approach the
nearest to common sense, are those
which are conceived in the form of
epistles to the friends of the author.
They are written in the ordinary
heroic measure, and, along with the
characteristic tawdriness of his usual
style, display occasional point and
vivacity, that, under a severer training,
might entitle the author to the
attention of the public. We give
the beginning of the epistle to Dr.
Hume, as a very favourable specimen.

'Tis evening now; the heats and cares
of day
In twilight dews are calmly wept away.

The lover now, beneath the western
star,

Sighs through the medium of his sweet
segar,

And fills the ear of some consenting she
With puffs and vows, with smoke and
constancy!

The weary statesman for repose hath
fled

From halls of council to his negro's
shed,

Where blest he woos some black Aspa-
sia's grace,

And dreams of freedom in his slave's
embrace!

In fancy now, beneath the twilight
gloom,

Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern
Rome,

Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi
bow,

And what was Goose-creek once, is
Tiber now!

This fam'd metropolis, where Fancy
sees

Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which travelling fools and gazetteers
adorn

With shrines unbuilt, and heroes yet un-
born,

Though nought but wood and *****
they see,

Where streets should run and sages ought
to be!

The following is an abstract of
the author's severe judgment on the
Americans.

Mind, mind alone, in barren, still re-
pose,

Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor
flows!

Take christians, Mohawks, democrats
and all,

From the rude wig-wam to the congress-
hall;

From man the savage, whether slav'd
or free,

To man the civiliz'd, less tame than he!

'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous
life;

Where every ill the ancient world can
brew

Is mixt with every grossness of the
new;

Where all corrupts, though little can
entice,

And nothing's known of luxury, but its
vice!

Whatever may be thought of the poetry or the politics of these passages, they are at least innocent in point of morality. But they bear but a small proportion to the objectionable contents of the volume, and cannot be allowed to atone for the demerits of a publication which we would wish to see consigned to universal reprobation.

For the Literary Magazine.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

1. **THERE** has recently been published, in this city, by Thomas Palmer, a work entitled, *Memoirs of Ninon de L'Enclos*, with her Letters to the Marquis de Sevigne and Monsieur de St. Evremond; translated from the French, by Mrs. Griffith.

This celebrated female voluptuary, the writer of the letters now before us, was born in Paris, one of the ides of May, 1616. Her father, who loved her passionately, was a gentleman of Touraine, and had served in the army, and, though a man of politics and faction, was a person of good sense and literature. Her mother was a great devotee, with a very narrow understanding, and, as the fair biographer informs us, "sought to form the mind of her daughter to her own, by taking her every day to morning and evening prayers; but the little Ninon always carried some entertaining book of history or poetry with her, which she read by stealth, while on her knees." Her mother died when Ninon was but 14 years old, and her father survived only one year longer; so that, at the tender and hazardous age of fifteen, she became mistress of herself and a fortune of about 500*l.* a year. Her beauty and accomplishments*

* "In the improvement of her taste and understanding, it may justly be said, that she was her own preceptor. Before ten years of age, she had read

soon surrounded her with a crowd of suitors, but, even at that age, her libertine spirit showed itself in a strong aversion to matrimony. Her father, too, who had himself experienced some disagreeable circumstances in that state, far from speaking favourably to her of conjugal connections, had often freely recommended to her the plan of conduct she afterwards pursued through life; and even on his death-bed addressed her in the following manner: "My dear daughter, you see, all that remains to me, in these last moments, is only the fruitless remembrance of pleasures which now abandon me. The enjoyment of them has not been of any long continuance; and it is this, chiefly, that I complain of in Providence. But, alas! my repinings now are vain! You, my child, who have so many years to survive me, profit early of your time. Be always less scrupulous about the number, than the choice of your pleasures."

Ninon quickly perceived a world of good sense in advice so very agreeable to her own inclinations; and immediately prepared to follow his instructions.

Her dwelling was small, though neat and convenient. It contained two apartments. In the first, was a large, handsome drawing-room, where she received her company, which usually assembled there about

Montaigne and Charron, and at fourteen was celebrated through Paris for her wit and sense. She perfectly understood Spanish and Italian; had read with application the best authors in these languages, and spoke them both with fluency. History, philosophy, poetry, ancient and modern, even romance, nothing had escaped her. Her mind was enriched with all the beauties and treasures of antiquity; to which she had joined the flowers of modern erudition: and though she had no knowledge of Greek or Latin, was an excellent critic in the best translations of Vaugelas and Ablancourt. She wrote as she spoke, with a charming ingenuous simplicity. Her expression was graceful; her sentiments delicate and refined."

five in the evening, and broke up at nine. This saloon was adorned with the portraits of her principal friends, executed by the most eminent masters. Here, also, she placed her library and her harpsichord. At the farther end of the second apartment was a small room, more elegantly furnished than any part of the house. The story of Psyche was painted, *ul fresco*, on the ceiling; and the pannels portrayed the most gallant adventures of ancient fable. None of the cruelties of love were here described: they were banished, even in idea, from this free scene, where every thing seemed to breathe successful passion.

One of her numerous lovers was the marquis de Chartres, who was in love with her to distraction, but, in the very height of his passion, received an order to join the army immediately. The thoughts of this separation rendered him inconsolable; and threw him into despair; the caresses, vows, and protestations of the afflicted Ninon were not of the least avail. At length she bethought herself of giving him a note under her hand, promising and vowing that during his absence, nay, during his life, she would never love any man in the world but himself. Transported with joy, he kissed the paper a hundred times, and set off to join his regiment, the most content and assured man alive. But, alas! the amorous Ninon before his return, had entered into a new engagement! The folly and extravagance of the promissory note made her, in appointing her assignation, exclaim, To be sure La Chartres has a very responsible bond of mine!

Of all Ninon's lovers, the marquis de Villarceaux retained her affections the longest. This connexion lasted about five years.

But the last of Ninon's lovers upon record was the polite and accomplished abbe Gedoine, a young man of about twenty-five years of age. "He came," says Walpole, in No. 28 of *The World*, "and found the enchanting Ninon reclin-

ing on a couch, like the GRAND-MOTHER OF THE LOVES, in the most gallant dishabille. He asked her, but with the greatest air of respect, why she had so long deferred the completion of his happiness? I must confess, replied she, it proceeded from a remain of vanity. I piqued myself upon having a lover of fourscore, and it was but yesterday that I was eighty complete."

Nothing can more strikingly show the folly and wickedness of such a mode of life, than the fatal tragedy occasioned by the passion with which she inspired her own son, an account of which is found in the same paper, from which we have taken the above extract, and which is alluded to by Dr. Darwin, in the *Loves of the Plants*, in the following beautiful lines:

"So, in her wane of beauty, Ninon
won
With fatal smiles her gay unconscious
son.
Clasp'd in his arms, she own'd a mother's name,—
'Desist, rash youth! restrain your impious flame;
'First on that bed your infant form was press'd,
'Born by my throes, and nurtur'd at my breast.'—
Back as from death he sprung, with wild amaze,
Fierce on the fair he fix'd his ardent gaze;
Dropp'd on one knee, his frantic arms outspread,
And stole a guilty glance toward the bed;
Then breath'd from quivering lips a whisper'd vow,
And bent on heaven his pale repentant brow;
'Thus, thus!' he cried, and plung'd the furious dart,
And life and love gush'd mingled from his heart."

Ninon, as appears by her writings, was of the school of Rochefoucault and Chesterfield, with respect to her opinion of mankind. She is particularly severe on her own sex, whom she treats with very little ceremony in her letters to De Se-
vigne.

This singular woman died, at the age of 90 years and six months, with all her senses perfect, and even with the same liveliness of wit for which she had always been so remarkable. During her whole life she had been constant in her attendance at church, and on her death-bed received the sacrament, and made a general confession, with all the sentiments of unfeigned piety.

This volume contains, 1st. Letters between Ninon and St. Evremond; 2d. A sketch of the life and character of Ninon, compiled by the translator, chiefly from a number of pieces in the *Petit Reservoir*; and 3d. The letters of Ninon to the marquis de Sevigne. These letters constitute the most interesting part of this volume, and are allowed to be *chef d'œuvres* for wit and sentiment, by the concurrent applause of all the ingenious writers since her time. The letters from de Sevigne, not being necessary to illustrate hers, have not been transmitted to us.

We shall close this article by transcribing the apology of the translator, and the argument of the letters to de Sevigne, which the fair writer has drawn up into a kind of novel.

"It may, perhaps, be expected, that I shall continue the apology I entered into just now, on presenting the reader with the life and character of a fair libertine; and that, before I proceed farther, I shall defend myself for giving the public a translation of her sentiments and philosophy upon a topic so dangerous. The few words, then, that I shall offer on this head, are to be understood chiefly as a justification for myself; but by no means to excuse the libertinism of those principles whence the maxims in the original writings are deduced.

"It is to be observed here, that gallantry, by corruption, has become a science among those, who, by a latitude of expression as well as morals, are styled the polite part of the world. The knowledge of this mystery was capable of affording to men too many dangerous advan-

tages. The use of artillery enabled those nations that were first in possession of it, to conquer and enslave their inexperienced neighbours; the secrets of play, likewise, tempted men to be sharpers, while ignorant and unsuspecting persons were cheated out of their fortunes. To make known, then, the address of gallantry, like publishing the art of war, or revealing the chicanery of play, must serve equally for defence as attack, and may assist us to encounter our enemies upon more even terms.

"Besides, I look upon these letters to be much the same in effect with those moral discourses that lay open the frailty of human nature, point out to us what allurements the seducer of mankind makes use of to betray, and what foibles are most likely to tempt us into the deceiving of ourselves. And, as to know thyself was affirmed by an oracle to be the greatest wisdom, I believe, that the knowledge of our weakness will be found to be our greatest strength. 'So shall our strength be made perfect, even in weakness.'

"For my part, I confess that I have a very good opinion of gallantry; but, without affecting the prude, it is a very different sort from what is here described; and I shall take the liberty to offer my definition of it from my own sentiments, and the observations I have made upon the behaviour of a few of the gay and polite.

"Gallantry, then, is a liberal art; by no means synonymous with intrigue: to which it has no more relation than music, dancing, or any other accomplishment that may render persons of different sexes agreeable to each other. 'Tis a mutual warfare of coquetry, where each party endeavours to exert every qualification, merit, or faculty, that may be capable of winning the favourable opinion of the other, without good or bad design; without any particular view towards matrimony or intrigue: like the game of chess, which is so engaging, that people are fond of playing at it without a

stake, as a pleasing exercise of the mind.

"And struggle for a conquest, not a prize."

"It is certain, that a commerce of this kind, between the sexes, serves to polish and improve them both : enlivens the sluggishness of mortal matter ; creates attention and complacency, which are the characteristics of good breeding ; elicits every spark of genius ; illumines each latent talent of the mind ; weeds out the natural selfishness of the soul ; and innocently and agreeably occupies that hazardous interval of life, which lies between what is styled our entrance into the world and our settling in it.

"This space is generally employed by men in sports of the field and midnight carousals, which give a meanness to their sentiments, and a rudeness to their manners, that are as inconsistent with morals as they are with politeness. A general commerce among women, enlivened with some particular attachment, has been always thought necessary to soften the uncouthness of man's nature. But then, an entire good breeding and perfect purity must be preserved throughout. This sort of gallantry causes a man to exert every virtue, excellence, or perfection, that either his nature or education may have given him the advantages of ; and diffuses over his whole manners, mein, and deportment, a certain polite and liberal air, that distinguishes the gentleman from the mechanic.

"Most part of what I have here urged may be applied likewise to women ; who have, besides, this peculiar advantage from the use of gallantry, as I have here limited the expression, that it serves to give them a management of their wit and beauty, which may help to defend them when they shall happen to be more seriously attacked.

"The most innocent amusements, from perversion or excess, may ter-

minate in vice, and gallantry may end in intrigue : but this event arises from the frailty of human nature, and might and has happened, in more frequent instances, where there has not been any such thing as the gallantry I have been describing, practised. The highest accomplishments may sometimes turn to our disadvantage ; but a polite education is no more answerable for this, than my scheme, as far as I have carried it in this definition, is for the other.

"There is a certain complacency in well-bred minds, which is much enlivened by a social intercourse of the sexes ; from the consideration, on one hand, of that protection and tenderness which women are in a state to claim ; and the respect and deference on the other which are due to men. From such reciprocal obligation I believe that polite men may often exert gallantry towards women, without the least thought of them either as mistresses or wives ; and women generally receive and return such addresses, with at least as innocent designs.

"Such was the gallantry between mons. de St. Evremond and madame de L'Enclos. He had never been one of her lovers, though always the highest of her admirers : at least, the polite and fond regard they paid to each other, at such an advanced stage of life, cannot be attributed to an affection less pure than what I have been describing. The charms of so flattering and platonic a commerce, like the beauties of ancient writings, must be referred entirely to taste ; for the pleasures of both arise from certain inexpressible graces, which refined sentiment or accomplished education only can render us sensible of.

"For the amusement, as well as for the information of the reader, and to afford him a quicker conception of the scope, spirit, and design of these writings, I have framed them into a kind of novel, referring the several parts of it to the several letters whence they are deduced.

"ARGUMENT.

"The marquis de Seigne, a young man of family and fortune, having finished his studies and exercises, being nominated to a post in the army, and just entering, as the phrase is, into life, complained one day to madame de L'Enclos, who was one of his friends, that he had found himself disappointed on his first setting out, with sanguine hopes and pallid fruitions; that dress, equipage, sports, camps, courts, &c., had failed his expectations, and afforded him but slight and transient pleasures. Eager in pursuit, and lukewarm in possession, he expressed some apprehensions, that his mind might not be in a sound and natural state; for that his affections and desires were but a sort of sickly appetites, made up of cravings and disgusts. He made her some compliment upon her sense, knowledge, and philosophy; desired her opinion upon his situation, and entreated her friendly counsels, to instruct him in what scheme of life he should engage, in order to obtain a more lively relish for pleasure.

"Madame de L'Enclos tells him, that the dissatisfaction of his mind is owing to his heart having never experienced the solitudes of love; that, without some particular attachment, some principal object, to which our thoughts, words, and actions are ultimately to be referred, our lives would pass like dreams away, in illusive and vain pursuits.

"The marquis, struck with the subject, and charmed with the spirit of Ninon's reflections, begs permission to enter into a correspondence with her upon this topic; which she grants; and, accordingly, the next day he writes her a letter, placing himself under her tutelage, and prays of her a chart of life to steer his future course by.

"Her first letter is in answer to this: in which she declines the guardianship he tenders her, but offers to become his confidant, to receive advices, from time to time, of the situation of his mind and affec-

tions, and to lend him her experience and councils to conduct him through the labyrinth of the human heart.

"In answer, the marquis again complains of the disappointment of his hopes, even in the fruition of his wishes. Her second letter gives him the philosophy of this matter: the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sufficiently explain themselves.

"The marquis, in pursuit of a proper object to fix his affections upon, falls in love with the countess de —, an agreeable young widow: the progress and conduct of which passion form the subject of the eighth to the thirtieth letter inclusive; interspersed with a variety of episodes and philosophic sentiments. Madame de L'Enclos about this time accidentally becomes acquainted with the countess; conceives a high opinion and esteem for her sense and merits, and engages with her in a close connection of friendship.

"The thirty-first letter gives a very lively description of the method which the countess had adopted to defend her heart from love; but she confesses that the merits and address of the marquis had at length won her affections.

"Madame de L'Enclos, apprehending some danger for her newly, from her avowed passion, and the assiduities of the marquis, lest she might be won upon unequal terms, supports her virtue by her counsels, and baffles all the arts of her lover: hinting, at the same time, that more honourable conditions would be willingly accepted. These particulars form the subject of the thirty-second to the forty-eighth letter inclusive.

"The marquis, in despair of winning the countess upon his own terms, quits the pursuit, and engages in a libertine course of life. Madame de L'Enclos, finding it impossible to withhold him, seems to enter into his schemes of pleasure, with the design of preserving her sway over him, in the hope of re-

claiming him to her fair friend. To this end, she endeavours to give him an unfavourable impression of the financier, his first amour, and recommends inconstancy in his galantries, so as to prevent any particular attachment detaining him too long from the chaste and rational scheme of happiness she had in view for him. This is the scope of letter forty-nine, and so, *en suite*, to the fifty-third inclusive.

"At length she communicates to him a letter she had received from the countess, where she declares, in disgust at his behaviour, her resolution of quitting the world, and retiring to pass the remainder of her life at her own estate in the country. This revives his passion. He had become ashamed and tired of the profligate dissipation in which he had lately squandered away his time; he throws himself at her feet, she relents, they are happy, and so conclude the series and the novel."

2. N. G. Dufief has just published a new edition of his *Nature Displayed*. The nature and plan of this work are too well known to require a particular exposition here. It may be necessary, however, to mention that, in this new edition, the phrases have been very much improved and enlarged, and the work further enriched by upwards of 200 pages of a judicious and well arranged selection, in prose and verse, from the best French authors, under the title of *Le Lecteur Français*. The unexampled success Mr. Dufief's work has met with must be as satisfactory to himself, as it is honourable to this country. The whole of the first impression has been sold in less than two years, and, some time before the publication of the second, upwards of the half of an edition of 2000 copies was bespoke. We understand he has already a third edition in contemplation.

3. A book has lately appeared in London, and is now in the press at Boston, entitled, "*The Miseries of Human Life*." This work is intend-

ed as a satire on what has been called the lesser evils of life, but which are found in reality to possess the greatest influence on individual happiness. This little book is in the form of dialogues, and is written with much spirit, and considerable humour. The most prominent characters are Samuel Sensitive and Timothy Testy, the first of whom describes himself as a nervous spirit, possessing all those finer disquietudes, those quivering susceptibilities, and those qualmish, recoiling disgusts, which constitute the pride and the plague of many a gossamer frame. The latter is composed of *mere matter*, but, with all his fleshly lumber about him, is not a whit less worried and perplexed than his nervous friend. They agree to meet together, and form a "storehouse of *miseries*, a chest of *groans*," which will utterly overthrow their enemies, i. e., those who maintain the precedence of the *greater evils* of life. For the amusement and edification of our readers, we have copied a few of these *groans*, and prefixed a part of the introductory dialogue, which we have drawn up in the form of an argument.

There exists, and has immemorially existed, a set of usurpers, who assume to themselves a prescriptive and exclusive right of suffering and complaining, upon the strength of what they chuse to call the *greater evils* of life, whether bodily or mental: of the former kind, they will confidently quote you hurricanes, shipwreck, sickness, &c., &c., and of the latter, injuries, insults, disappointments, treacheries, and so forth. But what are all these, or worse than these, in the balance with *our* perplexities and alarms, at which they presume to sneer, under the nicknames of rubs, bores, stews, takings, &c.? for let us inspect, a little more narrowly, the state of our separate pretensions: and first, with respect to *their* particular cast of curses,—ought not their acknowledged rarity to be honestly set off against their weight? as, with re-

gard to ours,—supposing (but not granting) each, by itself, to be specifically light, shall not their number and frequency entitle them to be considered as collectively heavy? just as, in disputation, the argument *cumulative*, when it has been fairly heard to an end, is admitted to be at least as pressing as the argument *solitary*. Such, I say, is the only equitable, or, indeed, possible course, for enabling the contending murmurers to settle the comparative *tonnage* of their minds. The tomahawk, or the scalping-knife, whatever other charms may be denied them, are, at least, recommended by the dispatch with which they perform their services: one violent visit, and they are away for ever; but thorns, pins, needles (and I would add *tongues*), are always in the way, and always pointed; nor is there ever wanting some industrious body at your elbow, who is, at all times, in cheerful readiness to stick them.

Thus much for illustration: I will next proceed to a more general and comprehensive display of our respective pretensions to the palm of sorrow, and it will soon be seen to which side victory inclines.

And first, for those of the enemy, those mighty mourners, with their "greater evils," those self-crowned conquerors in the contests of despair, what are the wounds they have to show? where are the arguments by which they hope to prop their tottering title to a triumph, and win from us the perpetual precedence in the ranks of woe? Many of their boasted traverses will be found to transform themselves into benefits, as I will evidence in a few instances already quoted, and as I might easily do in more: "a hurricane," when the first flurry of its arrival is over, retires as briskly as it advanced; and, if it has removed a few crazy houses, it gratifies their late inhabitants with a valuable opportunity of rebuilding them, on corrected principles both of strength and taste. "Shipwreck" is not un-

frequently found to be an agent (an ungentle one—I would not deny it) for the Humane Society, by saving the sufferers from drowning. "Sickness" is yet more lavish of accommodations, which it even improves, with its own improving strength: at its maturer periods, more especially, it confers unlimited leisure for reflection, by the soothing stillness and unbroken privacy which is enjoyed; while it totally exonerates from the toils of business or study, and even from the lightest cares of a family; it guarantees from the pernicious consequences of turbulent exercises, by the horizontal posture which it unceasingly prescribes; it bridles a roving disposition, by bringing its owner acquainted with retirement, in the most unqualified of all its forms; it absorbs disturbing recollections, in the still livelier and more awakening interests of the passing moment, as well as suspends the activity of the anti-social passions, by attracting the attention of the whole man to his own personal sensations; it befriends temperance, by the infantine simplicity of diet which it introduces; it wards off the varied *injuries of the open air*, by requiring the party to *to inhale, a thousand times over, the cherishing, equable, and safely-treasured atmosphere of a chamber*; it wholesomely instils the advantages of frugality, by its exhausting influence on the purse of the patient; and, as the crown of all its indulgences, it attests the watchful alacrity of friendship, by imposing a constant and absolute dependence upon the humanity of others, for every the most minute article, whether of comfort or necessity.

So much for the mock miseries of our enemies, of the *coarser* class. As for their *nobler* order of calamities, insults, disappointments, treacheries, and all that family of mental mortifications, upon which they delight to dwell, if my nerves could speak, they would deliver such an oration, under each corresponding division of *our* catalogue, as, I doubt

not, would, on an open trial of the rival titles; be strong enough to turn the judge, and starve out the most obstinate pig of the jury. Were I, however, employed to lead the cause on our side, I might, perhaps, thus defend our cause:

Cast then but a glance on man, and man's addictions; or look at his stations and aberrations, as delineated in *our* general map of the world; and what will you discover? "Horresco referens!" a universal wilderness of blanks or blots! What, my poor sir, are the senses, but five yawning inlets to hourly and momentary molestations? What is your house, while you are *in* it, but a prison filled with nests of little reptiles, of insect annoyances, which torment you the more, because they cannot kill you? and what is the same house, when you are *out* of it, but a shelter, out of reach, from the hostilities of the skies? What is the country, but a sandy desert at one season, or a swallowing quagmire at another? What the town, but an *upper* Tartarus of smoke and din? What are carriages, but cages upon wheels? What are riding-horses, but purchased enemies, whom you pamper into strength, as well as inclination, to kick your brains out? What are theatres, but licensed repositories for ill-told lies, or stifling shambles for the voluntary sacrifice of time, health, money, and morals? A senatorial debate (when you have fought your way to it), what is it but a national main of cocks? What are games, sports, and exercises, but devices of danger and fatigue to the performers, and schools of surgery to the practitioner who may happen to look on? What are society and solitude, but, each, an alternate hiding-place from the persecutions of the other? Libraries! what are they but the sepulchres of gaiety, or conservatories for the seedlings of disease? Nay, to descend still lower, what are the indispensable processes of eating and drinking, but practical lectures on the art of spoiling food? Or what even the

familiar operations of dressing and undressing, but stinging remembrancers of the privileged nakedness of the savage? Which now, my friend, is "the worse," and which "the better reason?"

We are now, unfortunately for us, and yet where should we have been more fortunate; we are now, I say, in the country; be the country, then, the scene of our first pilgrimage, and let *rural tortures* have the pre-eminence in our list of the *miseries of human life*. Let us begin with some of the delights of *walking* in the country: what say you then to

GROAN 1. The sole of the shoe torn down in walking, and obliging you to lift your foot, and limp along, like a pig in a string:—no knife in your pocket, nor house within reach!

2. The boot continually taking in gravel; while, for a time, you try to calm your feelings by believing it to be *only* hard dirt, and vainly hope that it will presently relieve you by pulverising.

3. Suddenly rousing yourself from the ennui of a solitary walk by striking your toe (with a corn at the end of it) full and hard, against the sharp corner of a fixed flint: *pumps*.

4. Walking all day, in very hot weather, in a pair of shoes far too tight, both in length and breadth:—corns on every toe.

5. When you have trusted your foot on a frozen rut,—the ice proving treacherous, and bedding you in slush, to the hip.

6. Walking through a boundless field of fresh ploughed clay-land; and carrying home, at each foot, an undesired sample of the soil, of about ten or twelve pounds weight.

7. Stooping, tearing, floundering, and bleeding your way, through a boggy, briary copse, with here and there a rushy pool, which takes you by surprise; so that you are more and more entangled and engulfed as you advance, till you are, after all, necessitated to turn back, and

encore all your sufferings ; and so emerge at last, looking like a half murdered beggar.

8. Walking obliquely up a steep hill, when the ground is what the vulgar call *greasy*.

9. Feeling your foot slither over the back of a toad, which you took for a stepping-stone, in your dark evening walk—

“Pressit humi nitens, trepidusque repente refugit!”

in like manner, crushing snails, beetles, slugs, &c. whether you will or not.

10. While you are out with a walking party, after heavy rains, one shoe suddenly sucked off by the boggy clay ; and then, in making a long and desperate stretch (which fails), with the hope of recovering it, the *other* left in the same predicament :—the second stage of ruin is that of standing, or rather tottering, in blank despair, with both feet planted, ankle-deep, in the quagmire.—The last (I had almost said the dying) scene of the tragedy,—that of deliberately cramming first one, and then the other clogged polluted foot into its choaked-up shoe, after having *scavengered* your hands and gloves in slaving to drag up each, separately, out of its deep bed, and in this state proceeding on your walk—is too dreadful for representation. The crown of the catastrophe, is, that each of the party floundering in his, or her, own gulph, is utterly disabled from assisting, or being assisted by, the rest.

11. Pushing through the very narrow path of a very long field of very high corn, immediately after a very heavy rain :—*nankeens*.

12. Setting out, on a fine morning, for a review ; and, on your arrival at the ground, violent rain coming on, and continuing without one moment's intermission during the whole of the spectacle ; just at the close of which, the sun peeps out from his hiding place, and laughs in your face.

13. Attending, on foot, a review of cavalry, on a deep sandy plain, in a furious wind ; which ushers the dust into your eyes from every quarter of the compass to which you turn for refuge ; not to mention the *costume* of a *miller*, in which the said wind and dust agree that you shall appear.

14. Ploughing up your newly-rolled gravel walk, by walking over, or rather sinking into it, after a soaking torrent of rain.

15. While walking with others, in a line, through a narrow path, being perpetually addressed by the lady immediately before you, who, although she never turns her head in speaking, and a roaring wind, from behind, flies away with every syllable as it is uttered, seems to consider you as provokingly stupid for making her repeat her words twenty times over.

16. The flaccidity of mind with which you attempt to flog yourself up into an inclination to work in your garden, for the sake of exercise :—

“Ligonibus duris humum
Exhauriebat, ingemens laboribus.”

HOR.

17. On paying a visit to your garden in the morning, for the purpose of regaling your eye and nose with the choice ripe fruit with which it had abounded the day before, finding that the whole produce of every tree and bush has been carefully *gathered—in the night!*

18. The delights of hay-time ! as follows :—after having cut down every foot of grass upon your grounds, on the most solemn assurances of the barometer that there is nothing to fear ; after having dragged the whole neighbourhood for every man, woman, and child, that love or money could procure, and thrust a rake, or a pitchfork, into the hand of every servant in your family, from the housekeeper to the scullion ; after having long overlooked and animated their busy labours, and seen the exuberant produce turned and re-turned under a

smiling sun, till every blade is as dry as a bone, and as sweet as a rose; after having exultingly counted one rising haycock after another, and drawn to the spot every seizable horse and cart, all now standing in readiness to carry home the vegetable treasure, as fast as it can be piled—at such a golden moment as this, Mr. Testy, to see volume upon volume of black, heavy clouds suddenly rising, and advancing, in frowning columns, from the southwest; as if the sun had taken half the zodiac—from Leo to Aquarius—at a leap:—they halt—they muster directly over head;—at the signal of a thunder-clap, they pour down their contents with a steady perpendicular discharge, and the assault is continued, without a moment's pause, till every meadow is completely got under, and the whole scene of action is a swamp. When the enemy has performed his commission by a total defeat of your hopes, when he has completely swept the field, and scattered your whole party in a panic flight, he suddenly breaks up his forces, and quits the field; leaving you to comfort and amuse yourself, under your loss, by looking at his *colours*, in the shape of a most beautiful rainbow, which he displays in his rear.

19. In your evening walk—being closely followed, for a quarter of an hour, by a large bull-dog (without his master), who keeps up a stifled growl, with his muzzle nuzzling about your calf, as if chusing out the fleshiest bite:—no bludgeon.

20. Losing your way, on foot, at night, in a storm of wind and rain—and this, immediately after leaving a merry fire side.

21. While you are laughing, or talking wildly to yourself, in walking, suddenly seeing a person steal close by you, who, you are sure, must have heard it all; then, in an agony of shame, making a wretched attempt to *sing*, in a voice as like your talk as possible, in hopes of making your hearer think that you had been *only* singing all the while.

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22. In attempting to spring carelessly, with the help of one hand, over a five-barred gate, by way of showing your activity to a party of ladies who are behind you (whom you affect not to have observed), blundering on your nose on the other side.

23. In walking out to dinner, clean and smart, becoming hot with your exercise, the consciousness of which makes you still hotter; so that, on arriving, too late to repair yourself, you are obliged to sit down to table with a large party (each of whom is clean and fresh), with plastered hair—red, varnished face—and black coat besilvered all over with liquid spangles of powder and pomatum.

24. Venturing upon a pinch of high dried Irish, in the open air—a sudden puff of wind emptying your box into your eyes, the moment you open it.

25. In returning from a long, hot ride, being overtaken on a common, many miles from home, by a torrent of rain, which so completely drenches your heated body, that you are obliged, for the preservation of your life, to stop at some lone, mean public-house, undress, and get between the blankets, while your clothes are drying:—then, after you have lain awake like a fool for a couple of hours, doing nothing, in the busy part of the day, finding, when you have re-dressed yourself, the rain increasing, night coming on, and no messenger to be had, by whom to send word to your anxious friends, that you must remain where you are all night.

26. On a stubborn horse, coming to a no less stubborn gate, when you have either no hooked-stick, or one with so gentle a curve, that it lets go its hold as soon as it has taken it; so that you must at last resolve to dismount, though you well know that your horse will afterwards keep you dancing for an hour on one leg, with the other in the stirrup, before he will suffer you to remount him.

27. Improving your coachmanship by driving an unbroken horse

through a rugged narrow lane, in which the ruts refuse to fit your wheels, and yet there is no room to quarter.

28. Attending a sale, from a great distance, for the sole purpose of bidding for an article, which, on your arrival, you are told has just been knocked down for nothing.

29. On Christmas eve, being dunned by several parties of rural barbarians, on account of having stunned you by screaming and bel-
lowing Christmas carols under your window.

30. While on a visit in the hundreds of Essex, being under the necessity of getting *dead* drunk, every day, to save your *life*.

31. After having sent from the other end of the kingdom to Hookham's, for a quantity of well-chosen books, all particularly named, receiving in return, six months afterwards, a cargo of novels, of their own choice, with such titles as "Delicate Sensibility," "Disguises of the Heart," "Errors of Tenderness," &c., &c.—Then, if you venture, in despair, on a few pages, being edified in the margin by such penciled commentaries as the following—"I quite agree in this sentiment."—"How frequently do we find this to be the case in real life!"—"But why did she let him have the letter?" &c., &c., concluded by the reader's general decision upon the merits of the book, stamped in one oracular sentence; for example, "This is a very good novel:"—or (to the horror and confusion of the author, if he should ever hear of the critique), "What execrable stuff!"

32. Following on horseback a slow cart, through an endless, narrow lane, at sunset, when you are already too late, and want all the help of your eyes, as well as of your horse's feet, to carry you safe through the rest of your unknown way.

33. After having arrived at home, completely exhausted by a long journey, and delightfully diffused yourself on the sofa for the rest of the eve-

ning (as you fondly suppose), being dragged out again, within a quarter of an hour, to take a long walk with a few friends, who are "obliged to go," but who "cannot bear to part with you so soon;" the party chiefly consisting of *ladies*, to whom you are, on every account, ashamed to plead fatigue, as an excuse for remaining at home.

34. In a very solitary situation, after having sent some miles off for a remarkably clever carpenter, whom you have particularly entreated to come himself, for the purpose of doing a variety of jobs that require both a nice hand, and a contriving head, seeing enter, in his stead, a drivelling dormouse, who just knows a hammer from a nail.

35. In going out of London, being met and blockaded on the road by innumerable gangs of the carrion and offal of the human species, swarming home, in savage jollity, from a bull-baiting, a boxing-match, an execution, &c., &c.

36. Passing the worst part of a rainy winter in a country so inveterately miry as to imprison you within your own premises; so that, by way of exercise, and to keep yourself alive, you take to rolling the gravel-walks (though already quite smooth), cutting wood (though you have more logs than enough), working the dumb-bells, or such other irrational exertions.

37. In passing the door of a meeting-house, in a poor country town, on a wet week day, having before your eyes the depressing spectacle of a handful of dried-up old maids, with sallow hatchet faces, in rumpled, faded, old-fashioned little bonnets, and brick-dust coloured gowns, crawling out by ones and twos, stiffening half-curtesies to each other, and then moving off (as so many pairs of rusty tongs would move, if alive); one to her butcher's, to haggle for a bit of tripe; another to take an *hour's* walk of a *quarter of a mile*, for an appetite, &c., &c.—Heigh-ho!

38. Living, or even making a

stay, within close earshot of a ring of execrable bells, execrably rung for some hours every evening.

39. Residing at a solitary place, where the return of the butcher, and the delivery of parcels, letters, &c. is so irregular and uncertain, that you are obliged to get all the necessaries of life by stratagem.

40. When you are two or three hundred miles from London, at a period of great events, your newspapers delayed from day to day, by accidents on the road; till, on their arrival at last, all their intelligence is musty.

41. While deeply, delightfully, and, as you hope, safely, engaged at home in the morning, after peremptory orders of denial to all comers whomsoever, being suddenly surprised, through the treachery, or folly, of your servant, by an inroad

from a party of the starched, stupid, cold, idle natives of a neighbouring country-town, who lay a *formal* siege (by sap), to your leisure, which they carry on for at least two hours, in almost total silence:—

“Nothing there is to come, and nothing past;

But an eternal *now* does ever last.”

During the last hour, they alternately tantalize and torment you, by seeming, but *only* seeming, to go, which they are induced to do at last only by the approach of a fresh detachment of the enemy, whom they desecrate at your castle-gate, and to whose custody they commit you, while they pursue their own scouring incursions upon the other peaceful inhabitants of the district.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO A CANDLE.

HAIL, bright companion of my lonely hours,

My midnight sun, with faintly glimmering ray;

To thee thy master now a sonnet pours:
Accept the verse, 'tis all the bard can pay.

When solemn darkness veils the gloom-spread earth,

And Night, with sable sceptre, rules the plain,

What time pale Fear gives fancied spectres birth,

And imag'd terrors fill the vulgar brain;

Then to my silent chamber I retire,

Where books and musing solitude invite,

With secret pleasure trim my cheerful fire,

And from its flame my frugal taper light.

More dear to me thy little quiv'ring rays,

Which scarce illumine my silent study round,

Than the proud glare where thousand torches blaze,

And Mirth and Folly pour their mingled sound.

These spread their light, with glitt'ring radiance fraught,

To chase Reflection from the heedless throng;

Thy sober beam assists the poet's thought,

Inspires the lay, and tunes his soul to song.

By thy lone light, full oft the muse has wove

Or tale, or song, in Fancy's flow'ry loom:

Oft has she breath'd the plaintive notes of love,

And mourn'd her fate—a hapless lover's doom.

Thou, sole companion of each anxious
care,
Didst yield sweet solace in this pen-
sive hour,
My bosom's various thoughts didst seem
to share,
And rise or fall with sympathetic
pow'r.

When transient joy beam'd rapture to
my breast,
In Fancy's eye I saw thee brighter
shine;
And when my heart some hovering fear
confess'd,
With gloom congenial did thy flame
decline.

To thee the poet's grateful song is due,
To thee, my friend (for social is thy
kind),
More than companion, thou'rt a teacher
too,
And much of moral show'st th' ob-
servant mind.

Thy gradual waste, in unperceiv'd decay,
May well to man a moral lesson
teach:
Thus glide his years in silent course
away,
Towards that bourne we all are
doom'd to reach.

Be thou my friend—and as thy lustre,
mine,
And when life's lamp but gleams with
feeble pow'r,
Clear as thy flame may parting reason
shine,
Warm in decay, and bright in life's
last hour!

N. A.

For the Literary Magazine.

AN ADDRESS TO MY HEART.

*Written on being accused of possessing an
envious mind.*

COME, come, my heart, throw off dis-
guise:
If wrapt in thee black Envy lies,
Though there enthron'd he be,
His empire soon he shall resign,
Nor be an inmate, heart, of thine;
He shall not reign in thee.

Come now, thy inmost folds expose,
Thy ev'ry thought, my heart, disclose,
Make thy recesses bare:
Yet oh, so long his foe profest,
Who would have thought his sallow
crest
Could been erected there.

O come, we'll converse hold awhile;
If thou art found so full of guile,
So ready to deceive;
If thou within must have a hell,
Then be content with fiends to dwell,
The wages due receive.

This once without a veil appear,
I charge thee be, my heart, sincere,
For deep my probe shall go.
Didst thou e'er fume, repine, or lour,
When Fortune pour'd a golden show'r
Upon a friend or foe?

Do I, who might have bask'd so well
In Fortune's smiles, with envy swell
Because the world around,
Who 're born the favourites of Fate,
May glitter in parade and state,
In wealth may more abound?

Though many errors, heart, are thine,
I feel thou never didst repine
That others did possess
Their coffers stor'd with shining wealth,
Were bless'd with competence and
health,
With all which mortals bless.

And though, alas, I've not the power
To cheer the wretch's wint'ry hour,
Hast thou, my heart, repin'd
That others, those more bless'd by
Heaven,
Have gen'rous will and power given
To raise the sinking mind?

No! sweeter to my taste has been
My food, when those around I've seen
Enjoy the gifts of heav'n,
And thus partake a share with those
In all that Providence bestows,
Though to a foe 'tis given.

Thou art, my heart, I feel thee clear,
In this at least thou art sincere,
Thou never enviedst any:
They might exceed in wealth and shew,
But still I strove to keep in view
The poor and suff'ring many.

Since, then, my heart, no clue is found
To trace the foe, I will not wound,
Nor add unmeasur'd woe;
Though most ungrateful, I must own,
To Him on heav'n's eternal throne,
To man I nothing owe.

Yet oh, I find abundant store
To prove thee erring from the core,
Though from black Envy free;
While searching for that fiend within,
In ev'ry fold I find a sin,
I'm weary, heart, of thee.

SABINA.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO CHARLOTTE.

Not by Moore.

YOU have got, then, Moore's verses to
Fanny,
Some one of his ten thousand loves;
Dear Charlotte, if you must read any,
Read verses that virtue approves.

A chaste maiden that bard's praise
refuses,
How sweetly soever he sing,
Who profanely asks aid of the muses
To make her a vile wretched thing.

And she who has priz'd ev'ry sentence
Of the wit that her virtue assail'd,
Has oft, with vain, bitter repentance
Her credulous weakness bewail'd.

Poor Misella, deserted, may show it,
In rags stretch'd all night by the door
Of her gallant seducer, a poet,
Who counts her and her sorrows "*a bore*."

Isabel, now the prey of dejection,
For vain praises exchanging true joys,
Cast off a fond husband's affection,
And her three prattling, rosy cheek'd
boys.

Giddy Bess, the disgrace of her kindred,
Began, weakly, by list'ning to rhyme,
And would by no counsel be hinder'd
From "*making the most of her prime*."

Believe me, the bard who supposes
He can praise, without giving offence,
Your eye-brows, your lips, and your
noses,
Gives your sex little credit for sense.

He means, in plain English,—"*My dear,*
I hope and presume you're a fool;
And provided I tickle your ear,
Expect I can make you my tool."

But little, dear Charlotte, I care,
Though Fashion's sons count me a
boor;
But, in friendship, I bid you beware
Of such bards as "*Anacreon Moore*."

A sage of old said, in a passion,
But I have not the volume at hand,
"*When the pandars of vice are in fashion,*
Destruction hangs over the land."

I. L.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

An Epitaph.

HERE lies a constant pair below,
Who knew not matrimonial woe,
And ne'er express'd a wish to part;
Love the sole regent of each heart.
Without a cloud their minutes roll'd,
And life's last sands were sands of gold.
What precious grains! what charming
weather!
You ask how long they liv'd together?
From good authority I speak,
They liv'd together—one whole week!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A YOUNG American gentleman has issued proposals for publishing, in two vols. crown 8vo., embellished with likenesses of Anacreon and Moore, an original work to be entitled, *Memoirs of Anacreon*, translated from the original Greek of Critias of Athens, by Charles Sedley, Esq.: including the Odes of Anacreon from the version of Thomas Moore, Esq. This work, a part of which was published in the *Port Folio* for the past year, is formed upon the plan of the *Travels of Anacharsis*, by the abbé Barthelemy.

Benjamin B. Hopkins and Co., and William P. Farrand, of this city, have in the press an edition of Mackay's *Navigation*. Great attention will be paid to the correctness of this edition, which is an object of the first importance, especially in a work of this nature.

Mr. James Humphreys has in the press *A Chymical Catechism for the Use of Young People*; with copious notes for the assistance of the teacher: to which are added, a vocabulary of chymical terms, useful tables, and a variety of amusing experiments. By S. Parkes, manufacturing chymist.

John Conrad and Co. have issued proposals for publishing a semi-annual work, on the plan of the *British Annual Registers*, to be entitled *The American Register*. In our next number we shall publish the prospectus at length.

Benjamin and Thomas Kite, of this city, intend publishing, by subscription, *The Elements of Chemistry*, by M. I. A. Chaptal; with great additions and improvements, two new chapters on the nitrous oxyd and oxyd of carbon, and two plates of chemical apparatus, which can be made in any part of the United States, and with which an immense

number of experiments be can performed. By James Woodhouse, M. D., professor of chemistry in the university of Pennsylvania, &c.

Major Thomas U. P. Carlton, attorney-general of Georgia, is preparing for the press a work, to be entitled, *The Life of Major-general James Jackson*, and a *History of the Revolution in the State of Georgia*.

Sir William Forbes's *Life of Beattie*, in two vols. 8vo., will be shortly published by Isaac Riley and Co., of New York.

There has just appeared, at Boston, the 2d volume of *American Annals*, or a *Chronological History of America*, from its Discovery in 1492 to 1806. By Abiel Holmes, D. D., A. A. S., S. H. S. This volume comprises a period of one hundred and fourteen years.

Mr. F. Nichols, of this city, has just published "*Geographical Delineations, or a Compendious View of the Natural and Political State of all parts of the Globe*." By J. Aikin, M. D." This edition is corrected and considerably enlarged, especially in the article *United States*.

Mr. Mathew Carey has in the press *Lectures on the Elements of Chemistry*. By Joseph Black, M. D., professor of chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. First American edition, with plates. Three vols. 8vo. wove paper. Price seven dollars to subscribers.

Isaac Riley and Co., of New York, have in the press *Depons' Voyage to the Spanish Main*, which will be comprised in three vols. 8vo.

Proposals have been issued in this city, for printing, in two vols. 8vo., a *History of the Practice of Medicine*, with additional notes and observations. Translated from the German of M. A. Weickardt, by Benjamin Schultz, M. D.